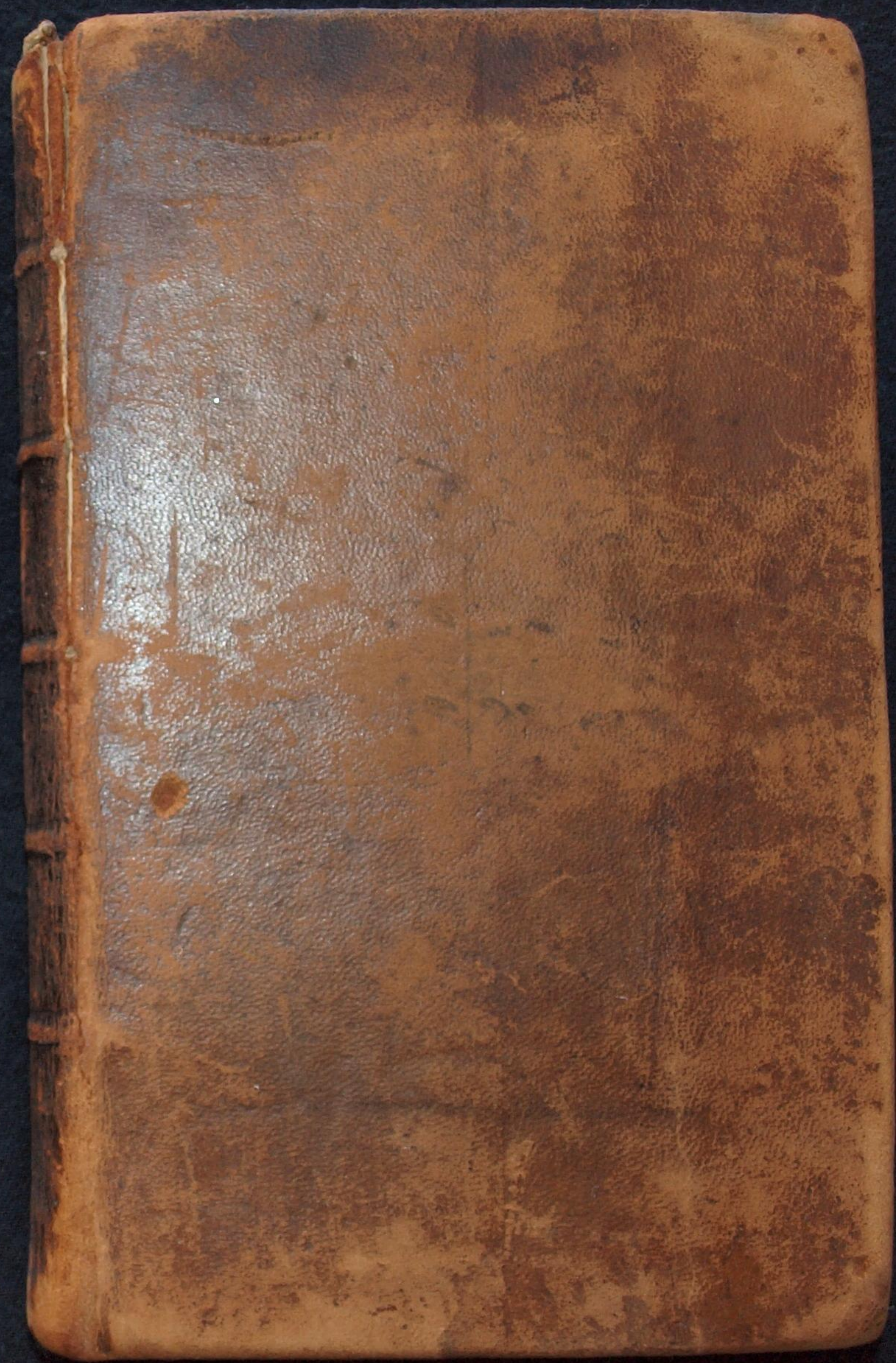




Philip S. Bunting

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*Three Poets in three distant Ages born,
Greece Italy and England did adorn,
The First in loftiness of thought Surpass'd;
The Next in Majesty in both the Last.
The force of Nature cou'd no further goe:
To make a Third she join'd the former two.*
Norman J. C. Dryden

PARADISE LOST.

A

P O E M,

I N

T W E L V E B O O K S.

THE AUTHOR

J O H N M I L T O N.

With the LIFE of MILTON.

By THOMAS NEWTON, D. D.

— every greatly amiable muse,
Of elder ages in thy MILTON met;
His was the treasure of two thousand years,
Seldom indulg'd to man; a god-like mind,
Unlimited, and various, as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; soft as the talk
Of our grand Parents, and as Heaven sublime.

THOMSON.

P H I L A D E L P H I A :

Printed by ROBERT BELL, in Third-Street.

MDCCLXXVII.

1777

Philip O. Bunting

To the Right Honorable

JOHN LORD SOMMERS,
BARON OF EVESHAM.

MY LORD,

IT was your Lordship's opinion and encouragement, that occasioned the first appearing of this Poem in the Folio Edition, which from thence has been so well received, that notwithstanding the price of it was four times greater than before, the sale increased double the number every year. The Work is now generally known and esteemed; and I having the Honor to hear Your Lordship say, that a smaller edition of it would be grateful to the world, immediately resolved upon printing it in this volume, of which I most humbly beg your acceptance, from,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Ever obliged Servant,

JACOB TONSON.

ON PARADISE LOST

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book His vast design unfold :
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All! the argument
Held me a while misdoubting His intent ;
That He would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The Sacred Truths to fable, and old song ;
(So Sampson grop'd the Temple's posts in spight)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge His sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd His project, the success did fear ;
Through that wide field how He His way should find,
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind ;
Left He perplex'd the things He would explain,
And what was easy, He should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite He spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume, the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and shew it in a Play.

Pardon me, Mighty Poet ! nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within Thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit ;
And all that was improper dost omit : So

ON PARADISE LOST

So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance, or theft.

That majesty which through Thy Work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane :
And Things Divine Thou treat'st of in such state,
As them preserves, and Thee inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease ;
And above human flight dost soar aloft.
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft !
The bird nam'd from that Paradise You sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st Thou words of such a compass find ?
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind ?
Just Heav'n Thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophesy Thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rime, of thy own sense secure ;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the mode offend ;
And while I mean to praise Thee, must commend.
Thy verse created like Thy Theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rime.

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE VERSE

THE measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary adjunct, or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse; in longer works especially: but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by custom; but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, (and for the most part worse) than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some (both Italian and Spanish) Poets of prime note have rejected Rime, both in longer and shorter works; as have also long since our best English Tragedies; as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight: which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another: not in the jingling sound of like endings; a fault avoided by the learned Antients both in Poetry, and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect; (though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers) that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of antient liberty recovered to Heroic Poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of Riming.

THE

THE ARGUMENTS

OF THE

TWELVE BOOKS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THIS first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the center (for Heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an antient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many antient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

B

THE

10 THE ARGUMENTS

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferr'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who late there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulph between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

GOD sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare

OF THE TWELVE BOOKS II

convex of this world's outermost orb; where wand'ring he first finds a place, since call'd The Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates,

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

SATAN now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the Place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escap'd the deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

MORNING approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her trouble, some dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labors: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower, God to render man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

ADAM inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

SATAN having compass'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forwarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments in-

duces

duces her at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

MAN's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends, and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolv'd to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubims to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission, Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubims taking their stations to guard the place.

THE

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT
OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THIS first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the center (for Heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an antient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many antient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

MILTON

MILTON'S
PARADISE LOST:

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in prose or rime.

And

And chiefly thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st : thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty wings out-spread, 20
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence, 25
 And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our grand Parents, in that happy state
 Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
 From their creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt ?
 Th' infernal serpent ! he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his Peers,
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
 If he oppos'd ; and with ambitious aim,
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious war in heav'n and battel proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
 To

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal : but his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
 Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild : 60
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flam'd, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible,
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe ;
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd.
 Such place eternal justice had prepar'd 70
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd,
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost Pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell ! 75
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns ; and weltring by his side
 One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime
 Long after known in Palæstine, and nam'd 80
 Beelzebub : To whom th' arch-enemy,
 (And thence in heav'n call'd Satan) with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest He—But O how fall'n ! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy realms of light 85

Cloath'd

Cloath'd with transcendent brightness, didst out-shine
 Myriads tho' bright! If He, whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
 In equal ruin! Into what pit thou see'st
 From what height fall'n; so much the stronger prov'd
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change
 (Though chang'd in outward lustre) that fix'd mind
 And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his reign; and me preferring,
 His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd,
 In dubious battel on the plains of heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost? 10
 All is not lost; th' unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield;
 (And what is else not to be overcome?)
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me, to bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his pow'r,
 Who from the terror of this arms so late
 Doubted his empire: that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath 11
 This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods,
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
 Since through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
 We may with more successful hope resolve

To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe;
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.

So spake, the apostate Angel, though in pain; 125
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
 And him thus answer'd soon his hold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy;
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
 Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
 Can perish: For the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns, 140
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less 145
 Than such could have o'er-power'd such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains?
 That we may suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be, 150
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep:
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel

Strength

Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight.
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
 But see! the angry victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit,
 Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulph'rous hail
 Shot after us in storm, o'er-blown, hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there:
 And re-assembling our afflicted pow'rs,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend

Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
 If not, what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name, of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareus or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
 (Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
 Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
 Moors by his side under the Lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.)
 So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
 Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling heaven,
 Left him at large to his own dark designs;
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others; and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On man by him seduc'd; but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool

D

His

His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and rowl'd
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoke, such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood,
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
 Not by the suff'rance of supernal pow'r.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
 That we must change for heav'n? this mournful gloom 245
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he
 Who now is lov'rain can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made sup'reme
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! hail horrors! hail 250
 Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n. 255

What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy; will not drive us hence: 260
 Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
 Lye thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell? 270

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
 Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, tho' now they lye
 Grov'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
 As we ere while astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend
 Was moving tow'rd the shore; his pond'rous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massie, large and round, 285
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
 Thro' optic glass the Tulcan artist views

At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great Admiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasie steps
 Over the burning marle (not like those steps
 On heaven's azure!) and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
 Nathless he so endur'd, 'till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea, he stood and call'd
 His legions, Angel-forms, who lay entranc'd,
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
 High over-arch'd embow'r; or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Buziris and his Memphian chivalry.
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change,
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toil of battel to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 T'adore the conqueror? who now beholds

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Cherub

Cherub and Seraph rowling in the flood,
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, 'till anon
 His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

325

330

They heard and, were abasht, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouze and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
 Of Amram's Son, in Ægypt's evil day,
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hov'ring on wing under the cope of hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires:
 'Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-listed spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even ballance down thy light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
 A multitude! like which the poplars north
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
 Forthwith from every squadron, and each band,
 The Heads and Leaders thither haste where stood

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Their

Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Pow'rs, that erst in heaven sat on thrones; 360
 Tho' of their names in heav'nly records now
 Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd
 By their rebellion, from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve 364
 Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
 Thro' God's high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake
 God their creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him that made them, to transform 370
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities:
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idols thro' the heathen world. 375

Say, Muse, their names then known; who first, who
 Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch, [last
 At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood, on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof? 380
 The chief were those who from the pit of hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,
 Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the nations round, and durst abide 385
 Jchovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
 Within his sanctuary it self their shrines,
 Abominations! and with curst things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts prophan'd, 390
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.

First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Tho' for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
 Their children cries unheard, that past thro' fire 395
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worship'd in Rabba, and her wat'ry plain,
 In Argob and in Baian, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
 Of Solomon he led by fraud, to build
 His temple right against the temple of God,
 On the opprobrious hill, and made his grove
 The pleasant valley of Hinnon, Tophet thence
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell. 405
 Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the Wild
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Heronaim, Seon's realm, beyond
 The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines; 410
 And Eleale to th' Asphaltic pool:
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile,
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd 415
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
 'Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
 With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
 Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts 420
 Ægypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth; those male,
 These feminine: (For spirits when they please
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompound'd is their essence pure, 425
 Not ty'd or manac'd with joint or limb,

Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse,
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.)
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
 Astarte, Queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon,
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious King, whose heart tho' large,
 Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell,
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
 The Syrian Damsels, to lament his fate
 In am'rous ditties all a summer's-day;
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
 His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive Ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers,

Dagon

Dagon his Name; sea-monster, upward man
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palæstine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
 And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
 Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold:
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a King,
 Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage, and displace,
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious off'rings, and adore the Gods
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
 A crew who under names of old renown,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic Ægypt, and her priests, to seek
 Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms,
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel King
 Doubled that sin in Bethel, and in Dan,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
 Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
 From Ægypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
 Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self: to him no temple stood,
 Or altar smoak'd; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Ely's sons, who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God?

E

In

In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs
 And injury and outrage: and when night
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,
 Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue held
 Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,
 Their boasted parents. Titan, heav'n's first-born,
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
 By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
 Their highest heav'n; or on the Delphian Cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and thro' all the bounds
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking, but with looks
 Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Child
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd

The

Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd
 His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535
 Th' imperial ensign; which full high advanc'd,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
 At which the universal host up sent
 A shout that tore hell's concave; and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air, 545
 With orient-colours waving: with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
 In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
 Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as rais'd
 To height of noblest temper Heroes old
 Arming to battel; and instead of rage,
 Deliberate valor breath'd, firm, and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; 555
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought 560
 Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
 Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise

Of

Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
 Had to impose: he thro' the armed files
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views their order due;
 Their visages and stature as of Gods;
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories: for never since created man
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by cranes; tho' all the Giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' Heroic race were join'd,
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods: and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,
 Begirt with British and Armoric Knights;
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde;
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander: he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tow'r: his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new-ris'n
 Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs; darken'd so, yet shone

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Above

Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sate on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain;
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth tho' bare
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
 To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
 With all his Peers: attention held them mute:
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spight of scorn,
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth; at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

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620

O myriads of immortal spirits! O Pow'rs
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty! and that strife
 Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change,
 Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet believe, tho' after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend

625

630

Self-

Self-rais'd, and re-possess their native seat?
 For me be witness all the host of heav'n,
 If counsels different, or danger shun'd
 By me, have lost our hopes: but he who reigns
 Monarch in heav'n, 'till then as one secure
 Sate on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his regal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war, provok'd our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not: that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise
 There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long
 Intended to create; and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of heav'n:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Cœlestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd,
 For who can think submission? war then, war
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze
 Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd

Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoke; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur; thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickax arm'd,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart: Mammon led them on,
 Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
 From heav'n; for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent: admiring more
 The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth,
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
 And dig'd out ribs of gold. (Let none admire
 That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane.) And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian Kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
 And strength and art are easily out-done
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil,
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire

Sluc'd

Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art found out the massy ore ;
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross ;
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
 A various mold ; and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook :
 As in an Organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breaths.
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet ;
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave : nor did there want 715
 Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures grav'n ;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
 Belus, or Serapis, their Gods ; or seat
 Their Kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove 720
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately height, and streight the doors
 Op'ning their brazen folds, discover wide
 Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement : from the arched roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the architect : his hand was known
 In heav'n by many a tow'rd structure high,
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,
 And sat as Princes ; whom the supreme King 730
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,

Each

Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
 In antient Greece ; and in Ausonian Land
 Men call'd him Mulciber ; and how he fell 740
 From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements ; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star, 745
 On Lemnos th' Ægean isle : thus they relate,
 Erring ; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before ; nor aught avail'd him now
 T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs ; nor did he scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.
 Mean while the winged heralds by command
 Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
 And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
 At Pandæmonium, the high Capital
 Of Satan and his Peers : their summons call'd
 From every band and squared regiment,
 By place or choice the worthiest ; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760
 Attended : all access was throng'd, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's Chair
 Desi'd the best of Panim chivalry 765
 To mortal combat, or career with lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
 In clusters ; they among fresh dewes and flow'rs

F

Fly

Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built cittadel,
 New rubb'd with baum, expatiate and confer
 Their state affairs : So thick the æry crowd 775
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd, till the signal giv'n :
 Behold a wonder ! they but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass Earth's Giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room 780
 Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
 Beyond the Indian mount, or Fairy Elves,
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
 Wheels her pale course ; they on their mirth and
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ; [dance
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large, 790
 Though without number still amidst the hall
 Of that Infernal court. But far within,
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,
 In clos'd recess and secret conclave sat ; 795
 A thousand Demi-Gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full : after short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE
 SECOND BOOK
 OF
 PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT
OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferr'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who sate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulph between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

MILTON

MILTON'S
PARADISE LOST:

IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Shows on her Kings Barbaric Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence: and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd.

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10

Powers and Dominions, Deities of heav'n!
For since no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent

Cœlestial

Cœlestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heav'n
 Did first create your Leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more! With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate; who can advise may speak,

He ceas'd; and next him Moloc, sceptred King
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair:
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost

Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake: 50

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? No! let us rather chuse, 60
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear 65
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels; and his throne it self
 Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend 75
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? th' ascent is easie then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of inextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable and the torturing hour
 Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus,
 We should be quite abolished and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential; happier far,
 Than miserable to have eternal being,
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and battel dangerous
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
 A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels, for his thoughts were low:
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Tim'rous

Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge? the tow'rs of heav'n are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp their legions, or with oblique wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy
 All incorruptible would on his throne
 Sit unpolled; and th' ethereal mold
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure
 To be no more: sad cure I for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,

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Devoid

Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever: how he can,
 Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then,
 Say they who counsel war? We are decreed,
 Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse?—Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What! when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us; this hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires,
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above
 Should intermitted veng'ance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
 Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,

Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view! He from heav'n's height
 All these our motions vain sees and derides;
 Not more Almighty to resist our might,
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of heav'n
 Thus traml'd, thus expell'd, to suffer here
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse,
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
 That so ordains: This was at first resolv'd
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme foe, in time may much remit
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd: whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames,
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapour; or enur'd, not feel;
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness, light:
 Besides

Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reason's garb
Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord suprem
We over-power? suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection: with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd Hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envy'd Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors, and Ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own

Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and indurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muffling their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold:
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war.—Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-

Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest : such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace ; for such another field
 They dreaded worse than hell : so much the fear
 Of thunder, and the sword of Michael,
 Wrought still within them ; and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to heav'n.
 Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd (than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat) with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care ;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestick though in ruin : sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night,
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones, and Imperial Pow'rs, offspring of heav'n
 Ethereal Virtues ! or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
 Princes of hell ? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire : doubtless ! while we dream,
 And know not that the king of heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm to live exempt
 From heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne : but to remain
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,

Under th'inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude : For he, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
 By our revolt ; but over hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in heav'n.
 What fit we then projecting peace and war ?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd or sought : for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return ? 335
 But, to our power, hostility, and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel ? 340
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep : what if we find
 Some easier enterprize ? there is a place, 345
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350
 Of him who rules above : so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
 That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mold, 355
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what their pow'r,
 And

And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety. Though heav'n be shut,
 And heav'n's high arbitrator sits secure
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive (as we are driv'n)
 The puny habitants; or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires.—Thus Beelzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? but their spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his Speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
 Synod of Gods! and, like to what ye are,

Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view 394
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
 And opportune excursion, we may chance [arms
 Re-enter heav'n: or else in some mild Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of heav'n's fair light
 Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
 Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world; whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss, 405
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his æry flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive
 The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe 411
 Through the strict senteries, and stations thick
 Of angels watching round? here he had need
 All circumspection; and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage: for on whom we send, 415
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt: But all sat mute, 420
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In others count'nance read his own dismay
 Astonish'd: none, among the choice and prime
 Of those heav'n-warring champions, could be found
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept

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425
Alone

Alone the dreadful voyage : till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake,

O Progeny of heav'n, empyreal Thrones !
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd : long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold : and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress
These pass'd (if any pass) the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These Royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honor'd sits ? Go therefore mighty Pow'rs,
Terror of heav'n, though fall'n ; intend at home,
(While here shall be our home) what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell

More tolerable ; if there be cure or charm
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all : this enterprize
None shall partake with me.—Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply ;
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd ;
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose :
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone ; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heav'n :
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own : (for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites ;
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.)
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief :
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-spread
Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower :
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds

Attest

Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings:
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd, and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers:
 'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
 Alone th' antagonist of heav'n nor less
 Than hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
 And God-like imitated state: him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets regal sound the great result:
 Tow'rd the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
 By heralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
 With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Pow'rs
 Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields:
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd sky, and armies rush
 To battel in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the æry Knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions clote; with feats of arms
 From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others, with vast Typhæan rage, more fell
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when Alcides from OEchalia crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian Pines,
 And Lichas from the top of OEta threw
 Into th' Euboic Sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes Angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battel: and complain that fate
 Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.
 Their song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high,
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
 Fixt fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,

Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while, or anguish; and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breast
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep;
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice;
 A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damietta and mount Casus old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns sore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd

Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce!
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethæan sound
 Both to and fro their sorrow to augment, 605
 And wish and struggle as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink:
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight; as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn th' advent'rous bands 615
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes agast
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of
 A universe of death, which God by curse [death;
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
 Abominable, inutterable; and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
 Gorgons and Hydra's and Chimæraes dire.

Mean while the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd's the gates of hell

Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
 Now shaves with level wing the deep; then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd,
 Hangs in the clouds by Æquinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
 Through the wide Æthiopian, to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly tow'rd the Pole: so seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof;
 And thrice threefold the gates: three folds were
 Three Iron, three of adamant rock,
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waste and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast! a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd, and howl'd
 Within, unseen. Far less abhor'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
 Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring Moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,

If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as night, 670
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a Kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving, onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode.
 Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing not valued he nor shun'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began: 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee. 685
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born not to contend with spirits of heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd;
 Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou He,
 Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
 Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms 691
 Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons,
 Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
 And reckon'st thou thy self with spirits of heav'n,
 Hell-doom'd! and breath'st defiance here and scorn
 Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,

Falſe fugitive! and to thy ſpeed add wings; 700
 Left with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
 Thy lingring; or with one ſtroke of this dart
 Strange horror ſeize thee, and pangs unſelt before.

So ſpake the grieſly Terror, and in ſhape,
 So ſpeaking and ſo threatning, grew tenfold 705
 More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide
 Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
 Unterrify'd; and like a Comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
 In th'artic ſky, and from his horrid hair 710
 Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
 Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
 Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds
 With heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on 715
 Over the Caſpian; then ſtand front to front
 Hov'ring a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at their frown: ſo match'd they ſtood 720
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet ſo great a foe. And now great deeds
 Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
 Had not the ſnaky ſorcerers that ſat
 Faſt by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
 Riſ'n,, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.

O father! what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
 Againſt thy only ſon? What fury, O ſon,
 Poſſeſſes thee, to bend that mortal dart
 Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom; 730
 For him who ſits above, and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute

What-

Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids,
 His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.

She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt 735
 Forbore; then theſe to her Satan return'd.

So ſtrange thy outcy, and thy words ſo ſtrange
 Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
 Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till firſt I know of thee, 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
 In this infernal vale firſt met, thou call'ſt
 Me father, and that phanta'm call'ſt my ſon:
 I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
 Sight more deteſtable than him, and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portreſs of hell-gate reply'd;
 Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
 Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
 In heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
 Of all the Seraphim, with thee combin'd 750
 In bold conſpiracy againſt heav'n's King,
 All on a ſudden miſerable pain
 Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
 In darkness; while thy head flames thick and faſt
 Threw forth; till on the left ſide op'ning wide, 755
 Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright
 Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a Goddeſs arm'd.
 Out of thy head I ſprung; amazement ſeiz'd
 All th' hoſt of heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
 At firſt, and call'd me Sin; and for a ſign 760
 Portentous held me: but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
 The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
 (Thy ſelf in me thy perfect image viewing)

Becam'it

Becam'st inamor'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,
 And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else) to our Almighty foe
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout, 770
 Through all the empyrean, down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
 Into this Deep; and in the gen'ral fall
 I also: at which time this powerfull key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes: 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death!
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back relounded, Death!
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters; that with ceaseless cry 795
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw

My

My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death my son and foe; who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounc'd.
 But thou O father! I forewarn thee, shun 810
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invuln'able in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
 Save He who reigns above, none can resist!

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore 815
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy fire,
 And my fair son here show'st me (the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, thro' dire change 820
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of) know
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
 Of spirits that (in our just pretences arm'd,) 825
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
 My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded Deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wandring quest a place foretold 830
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er now
 Created, vast and round; a place of bliss

In

In the pourlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd, 835
 Lest heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
 Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return.
 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
 With odors: there ye shall be fed, and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death 846
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire:

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
 And by command of heav'n's all powerful King,
 I keep; by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamant gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
 But what owe I to his commauds above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round,
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
 But

But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe! she took;
 And tow'rs the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up-drew;
 Which but her self, not all the Stygian Pow'rs 875
 Could once have mov'd: then in the key-hole turns
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massie iron, or solid rock, with ease
 Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host, 885
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array,
 So wide they stood; and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
 The secrets of the hoary Deep; a dark
 Illimitable ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
 Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mast'ry, and to battel bring
 Their

Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag 900
 Of each his faction, in their sev'ral clans,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, un-numbered as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levi'd to side with warring winds, and poise 905
 Their lighter wing. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment ; Chaos umpire fits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns : next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyſs, 910
 (The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,)
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 (Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
 His dark materials to create more worlds)
 Into this wild abyſs the wary fiend
 Stood on the brink of hell, and lock'd a while,
 Pond'ring his voyage ; (for no narrow frith
 He had to cross) : nor was his ear less peal'd 920
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
 With all her batt'ring engines bent to raise
 Some capital city ; or lets than if this frame
 Of heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground : thence many a league,
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
 Audacious ; but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuity : all unawares
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour

Down

Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd,
 Quencht in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
 Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying ; behooves him now both oar and sail,
 As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
 With winged course o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimaspiā, who by stealth 945
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold : so eagerly the fiend
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way ;
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. 950
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
 Born through the hollow Dark assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever Pow'r, 955
 Or spirit of the nethermost Abyſs,
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light : when strait behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep : with him inthron'd
 Sate sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign : and by them stood
 Orkus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon : Rumor next and Chance, 965
 And Tumult and Confusion all imbroil'd,
 And discord with a thousand various mouths.
 T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus.—Ye Pow'rs,
 And spirits of this nethermost Abyſs,

K

Chaos

Chaos and Antient Night, I come no spy 970
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
 Wandring this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with heav'n: or if some other place
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this Profound, direct my course;
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings 980
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness, and your sway,
 (Which is my present journey) and once more 985
 Erect the standard there of Antient Night;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
 With fault'ring speech and visage incompas'd,
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against heav'n's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard; for such a num'rous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout.
 Confusion worse confounded: and heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broils,
 Weakning the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath:

Now

Now lately heav'n and earth, another world
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain, 1005
 To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger: go and speed!
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan staid not to reply, 1010
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
 Environ'd, wins his way: harder beset
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
 Through Bosphorus, betwixt the jostling rocks:
 Or when Ulysses on the Larboard shunn'd
 Charybdis; and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labor hard
 Mov'd on; with difficulty and labor he;
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track (such was the will of heav'n!) 1025
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way,
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length,
 From hell continu'd reaching th' utmost orb
 Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse 1030
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n 1035
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim night

A

A glimmering dawn: here nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works a broken foe,
 With tumult less and with less hostile din;
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn:
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round:
 With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
 Of living saphir, once his native seat:
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE
 THIRD BOOK
 OF
 PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT
OF THE THIRD BOOK.

GOD sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wand'ring he first finds a place, since call'd The Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

MILTON's

MILTON's
PARADISE LOST:

IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

HAIL holy light, offspring of heav'n first born!
Or of th' eternal coeternal beam!
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light,
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee, 5
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, tho' long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight 15
Through

Through utter and through middle darkness born,
 With other notes than to th' Orphean Lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Tho' hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp: but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowl in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a Drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt,
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song: but chief
 Thee Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 (So were I equal'd with them in renown!)
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus Prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious Numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wildom at one entrance quite shut out!

So much the rather thou celestial light,
 Shine inward and the mind through all her pow'rs
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
 (From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High thron'd above all height) bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view.
 About him all the Sanctities of heav'n
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance: on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son. On earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
 In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
 Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,
 In the dun air sublime; and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air,
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage
 Transports our adversary, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main Abyss

Wide interrupt, can hold? So bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
 Not far off heav'n in the precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created world,
 And man there plac'd; with purpose to assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert: and shall pervert;
 For man will heark'n to his glozing lies
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
 Whose but his own? Ingrate! he had of me
 All he could have: I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th' ethereal Pow'rs,
 And spirits, both them who stood and them who fall'd:
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
 Where only what they needs must do, appear'd;
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,
 Not me. They therefore as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate:
 As if predestination over-rul'd
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree,
 Or high fore-knowledge. They themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I: if I fore-knew,
 Fore-knowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which

Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse, or shadow of fate,
 Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass; authors to themselves in all,
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 'Till they inthrall themselves; I else must change
 Their nature and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: man falls, deceiv'd
 By th' other first: man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in mercy and justice both,
 Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel;
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious; in him all his Father shon
 Substantially express'd; and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace;
 Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;
 For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
 For should man finally be lost, should man
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
 Fall

Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
 With his own folly? that be from thee far,
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
 Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
 Be question'd, and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew
 His laps'd powers, though forfeit, and inthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe:
 By me upheld! that he may know how frail
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest: so is my will:
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut,
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more;
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done: Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of heav'n,
 Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die,
 Die he or Justice must; unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love?
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime: and just, th' unjust to save?
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,

Much

Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace :
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought ?
 Happy for man, so coming ! he her aid
 Can never seek, (once dead in sins, and lost)
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
 Indebted, and undone, hath none to bring. 235
 Behold me then, me for him, life for life
 I offer, on me let thine anger fall ;
 Account me man : I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreak all his rage.
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in my self for ever ; by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
 All that of me can die : yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell :
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil :
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.

I through

I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell ! and show 255
 The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of heaven shalt look down and smile ;
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave.
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
 Shall enter heav'n long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain ; but peace assur'd
 And reconciliation : wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 26

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shone
 Filial obedience : as a sacrifice 270
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
 All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
 Wond'ring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd :

O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O Thou 275
 My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor man the least
 Though last created ; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save
 (By losing thee a while) the whole race lost. 280
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join ;
 And be thy self man among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room 285
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.

As

As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit 290
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous, and unrighteous, deeds;
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die; 295
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life,
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, tho' thron'd in highest bliss 305
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
 Far more than great or high; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed Universal King; all pow'r
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits: under thee as Head Supreme
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that 'bide 320

In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell;
 When thou attended gloriously from heav'n
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325
 Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages to the general doom
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep!
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence; hell (her numbers full)
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell;
 And after all their tribulations long 336
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth:
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 340
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honor Him as Me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of Angels with a shout 345
 (Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices) uttering joy, heav'n rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosanna's fill'd
 Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
 Tow'rd either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast 351
 Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold,
 Immortal aramant! a flow'r which once
 In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence 355

To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life ;
 And where the river of bliss thro' midst of heav'n
 Rowls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream ;
 With these that never fade the spirits elect 360
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams ;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took ;
 Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high,
 No voice exempt ; no voice but well could join 370
 Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung, Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King ; The Author of all Being,
 Fountain of Light, Thy self invisible 375
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and thro' a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear : 380
 Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
 Thee next they sung of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude !
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud 385
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold : on Thee
 Impres'd, th' effulgence of his glory abides ;
 Transfus'd on Thee his ample Spirit rests.

He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the pow'rs therein, 390
 By Thee created ; and by Thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare :
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
 Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of Thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes ;
 Not so on man : him thro' their malice fall'n, 400
 Father of mercy and grace ! thou didst not doom
 So strictly ; but much more to pity incline.
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son,
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd, 405
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For man's offence. O unexampled love ! 410
 Love no where to be found less than Divine !
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of men ! thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, not from Thy Father's praise disjoin. 415

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry-sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd 420
 From Chaos, and th' inroad of darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks. A globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent

Dark,

Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky!
 Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n
 (Tho' distant far) some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud.
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field. 430
 As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,
 (Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds)
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of lambs, or weanling kids 434
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the springs
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, (Indian streams)
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
 So on this windy sea of land, the fiend 440
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place
 Living or liveless to be found was none;
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like aerial vapors flew, 445
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life: 450
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition, and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand, 455
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here:

Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
 (Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind)
 Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
 First from the ancient world those giants came,
 With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd: 465
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
 Others came single; he who to be deem'd
 A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470
 Empedocles: and he who to enjoy
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
 Cleombrotus: and many more too long,
 Embryoes and idiots, eremits, and friars
 White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery: 475
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n:
 And they who to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the Weeds of Dominic.
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the Fix'd,
 And that chrySTALLINE sphere whose ballance weighs
 The Trepidation talk'd, and that First mov'd:
 And now saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!
 A violent cross-wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious Air: then might ye see
 Cowles, hoods, and habits, with their wearers tost 490
 And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
 The sport of winds. All these upwhirl'd aloft

Fly

Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after : now unpeopl'd, and untrod.
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
 His travel'd steps ; far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of heav'n a structure high ;
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
 The work as of a Kingly palace-gate,
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Imbellish'd ; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
 To Padan-aram in the field of Luz,
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cry'd, " This is the gate of heav'n." 515
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sayling arriv'd,
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rap'd in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss :
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,

(Wider

(Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530
 Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
 By which to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
 From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Ægypt and th' Arabian shore)
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair
 That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven-gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout
 Thro' dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of chearful dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
 With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams :
 Such wonder seiz'd, though after heav'n seen,
 The spirit malign ; but much more envy seisd
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood 555
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
 Of Libra, to the fleecy star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 Beyond th' Horizon : then from Pole to Pole 560
 He views in breadth ; and without longer pause
 Down right into the world's first region throws
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease

Through

Through the pure marble air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable Stars, that shone 565
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds :
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy Isles,
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate fields and groves, and flow'ry vales ;
 Thrice happy isles ! But who dwelt happy there 570
 He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all
 The golden sun, in splendor likest heav'n,
 Allur'd his eye : thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament : but up or down,
 By centre or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
 Or longitude where the great luminary
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far ; they as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
 Days, months and years, tow'rd his all-cheering lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep ;
 So wondrously was set his station bright.
 There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw. 590
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compared with ought on earth, metal or stone :
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear : 595
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, or the twelve that shone
 In Aaron's breast-plate ; and a stone besides

(Imagin'd

(Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen)
 That stone, or like to that which here below 600
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th' arch-chimic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd, 610
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of color glorious, and effect so rare ?
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met
 Undazzled ; far and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from th' Æquator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' air,
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun :
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid :
 Of beaming sunny rays : a golden tiar 625
 Circl'd his head nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
 Lay waving round : on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope 630
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
 To Paradise the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.

N

But

But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay : 635
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume, sprinkled with gold :
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright, 645
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear; and strait was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the sev'n
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne
Stand ready to command, and are his eyes 650
That run thro' all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassie attend :
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honor to obtain; and as his eye, 660
To visit oft this new creation round :
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandering, brightest Seraph, tell

In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd :
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
The Universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair their loss
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better : wise are all his ways ! 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd ;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy (the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth : 685
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Relinquishes her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems) which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heav'n :
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
The great work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
Con-

Contented with report hear only in heav'n :
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight.
 But what created mind can comprehend 705
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world's material mould, came to a heap :
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd :
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire, 715
 And the ethereal quintessence of heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars,
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.
 Look downward on that globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines :
 That place is earth, the seat of man, that light
 His day, which else as th' other hemisphere 725
 Night would invade ; but there the neighb'ring moon
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing through mid heav'n,
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
 Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r ;
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735

Thou

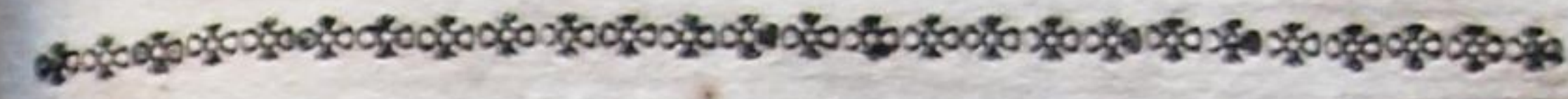
Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan bowing low
 (As to superior spirits is wont in heav'n,
 Where honor due and reverence none neglects)
 Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of Earth beneath
 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
 Throws his steep flight in many an æry wheel,
 Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE PARADISE LOST

BOOKS



THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.



THE ARGUMENT
OF THE THIRD BOOK.

SATAN now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the Place, where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil journeys on to Paradise whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall, overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escap'd the deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

T H

M I L T O N's
PARADISE LOST:
I N
T W E L V E B O O K S.

B O O K IV.

I FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
"Wo to th' inhabitants on earth!" that now 5
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter e'er th' accuser of mankind, 10
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battel, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoying in his speed though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
O
Begins

Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
 Now rowling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils
 Upon himself: horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts; and from the bottom stir
 The hell within him, (for within him hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
 One step no more than from himself can fly
 By change of place:) now conscience wakes despair
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes tow'rds heav'n and the full blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r:
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks;
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,

And

And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel! I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition: yet why not? some other Pow'r
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then, or what, t' accuse,
 But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
 Nay curst be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues:
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; my self am hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
 O then at last relent! is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd

With

With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent: Ah me! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds!
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state, how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
 (For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep)
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace.
 All hope excluded thus, behold! in stead
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewel remorse! all good to me is lost!
 Evil be thou my good! by thee at least
 Divided empire with heav'n's king I hold;
 By thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign:
 As man e'er-long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy and despair,
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeited, if any eye beheld.

(For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear.) Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooch'd with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first
 That practis'd falshood under faintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceal, coucht with revenge.
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
 He mark'd, and mad demeanor, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champion head
 Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access deny'd: and over head up grew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
 Which to our general sight gave prospect large
 Into his neather empire, neighb'ring round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath show'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
 That

That landscape ! and of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair : now gentle gales 155
 Fanning their odoriferous wings disperse
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabæan odor from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest, with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
 Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles : 165
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,
 Who came their bane ; though with them better pleas'd
 Than Almodeus with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamor'd, from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
 From Media post to Ægypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journied on, pensive and slow ;
 But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that past that way.
 One gate there only was, and that lock'd east
 On th' other side : which when th' arch-felon saw 180
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
 At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve 185
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure

Leaps

Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold ;
 (So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.)
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
 (The middle tree, and highest there that grew) 195
 Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life,
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
 To them who liv'd : nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200
 Of immortality. (So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.)
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views, 205
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A heav'n on earth ! for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
 Of Eden planted ; Eden stretch'd her line 210
 From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian Kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd : 215
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold : and next to life, 220
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by ;
 Knowledge

Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill !
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pats'd underneath ingulf'd ; for God had thrown 225
 That mountain as his garden mound high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden ; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather flood
 Which from his darksome passage now appears :
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account ; 235
 But rather to tell how, (if art could tell
 How) from that saphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rowling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
 Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs. Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view :
 Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums, and balm ;
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste,
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store ;
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

Another

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant : mean-while murm'ring waters fall 260
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove attune 265
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flow'rs
 Her self a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her thro' the world : nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive : nor that Nyserian isle 275
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 (Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove)
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye :
 Nor where Abassin Kings their issue guard, 280
 Mount Amara (though this by some suppos'd
 True Paradise) under the Æthiop Line
 By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden ; where the fiend 285
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect ! with native honor clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd Lords of all ;

P

290
And

And worthy seem'd for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
 Whence true authority in men: though both 295
 Not equal as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he, and valor form'd,
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd 300
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore, 305
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honor dishonorable:
 Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind 315
 With shews instead, mere shews, of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence?
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the lovliest pair
 That ever since in loves embraces met;
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade, that on a green 325

Stood

Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
 More easie, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits! which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind 335
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befits
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking plaid 340
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambol'd before them, th' unwieldy elephant 345
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis: close the serpent fly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheaded: others on the grass 350
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating: for the sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose: 355
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell, what do mine eyes with grief behold!
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
 Creatures of other mold; earth-born perhaps, 360
 No

Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd 'em on their shape hath pour'd.
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh 366
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
 Long to continue; and this high seat your heav'n
 Ill fenc'd for heav'n, to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe
 To you whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek, 375
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
 Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her Kings: there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring: if no better place, 385
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, (as I do) yet publick reason just,
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
 To do, what else (though damn'd) I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree,

395
Down

Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied
 To mark what of their state he more might learn, 400
 By word or action mark'd: about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare,
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
 Dearer thy self than all I needs must the Pow'r
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite, 415
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep 420
 This one, this easie charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only Tree
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
 Some dreadful thing no doubt: for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree
 The only sign of our obedience left,
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule

Confer'd

Confer'd upon us, and dominion giv'n
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll
 His bounty, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom 440
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy 445
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Præminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd 450
 Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went
 With inexperience'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
 A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me. I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, "What thou seest,
 "What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self,
 "With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 "And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
 "Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 "Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 "Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 "Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
 "Mother of human race." What could I do, 475
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd, 480
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, return fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
 Henceforth an individual solace dear.
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half!—with that thy gentle hand
 Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace, 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction, unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight

Both

Both of her beauty and submissive charms
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
 That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two 505
 Imparadis'd in one anothers arms,
 (The happier Eden) shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 (Among our other torments not the least) 510
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden? 515
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
 Can it be death? and do they only stand
 By ignorance? is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 525
 Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
 Some wandering spirit of heav'n, by fountain side,

Or

Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began [roam.
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his
 Mean-while in utmost longitude, where heav'n
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise
 Levell'd his ev'ning rays: it was a rock
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
 Chief of th' Angelic guards, awaiting night: 550
 About him exercis'd heroic games
 Th' unarmed youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Cœlestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the ev'n 555
 On a sun beam, swift as a shooting star
 In Autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
 Impress the air, and shews the mariner
 From what point of his Compass to beware
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
 No evil thing approach, or enter in:
 This day at height of noon came to my sphere

Q

A

A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
 More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man, 565
 God's latest image: I describ'd his way
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait:
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
 Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him; one of the banish'd crew,
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the Deep to raise
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,
 See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
 Well known from heav'n; and since meridian hour
 No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude 585
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
 But if within the circuit of these walks,
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he, and Uriel to his charge 590
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
 Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fall'n
 Beneath th' Azores; (whether the prime orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubile earth
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595
 Arraying with reflected purple, and gold,
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.)
 Now

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompany'd, for beast and bird, 600
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were sunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires; Hesperus that led 605
 The starry host rode brightest, till the moon
 Rising in clouded majesty at length,
 Apparent Queen, unvail'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw,
 When Adam thus to Eve: fair consort, th' hour 610
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labor and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines 615
 Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:
 Man hath his daily work of body, or mind,
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of heav'n on all his ways: 620
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, e'er fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n.
 And at our pleasant labor, to reform 625
 Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown;
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
 That lie bestrown unlightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
 Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd,
 My author and disposer ! what thou bidst 635
 Unargu'd I obey ; so God ordains,
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change, all please alike : 640
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds : pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
 Glistring with dew : fragrant the fertile earth 645
 After soft show'rs : and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful ev'ning mild : then silent night
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650
 With charm of earliest birds : nor rising sun
 On this delightful land : nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
 Glistring with dew : nor fragrance after show'rs :
 Nor grateful evening mild : nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?
 To whom our general ancestor reply'd.
 Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
 Thote have their course to finish, round the earth,
 By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministering light prepar'd, they set and rise :
 Lest total darkness should by night regain 665
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things ; which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat

Of

Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish ; or in part shed down 670
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth ; made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, 674
 Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise :
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night ; how often from the steep 680
 Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
 Cælestial voices to the midnight air,
 (Sole, or responsive each to other's note)
 Singing their great Creator ; oft in bands
 While they kept watch, or nightly rounding walk, 685
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
 Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd
 On to their blisful bow'r : it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the sov'reign planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use : the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle ; and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side 695
 Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall : each beauteous flow'r,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; underfoot the violet, 700
 Crocus and Hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem : other creature here,

Beast,

Beast, bird, insect, or worm durst enter none;
 Such was their awe of man. In shady bow'r 705
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve deckt first her nuptial bed, 710
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung;
 What day the genial Angel to our fire
 Brought her in naked beauty, more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, (and O, too like 715
 In sad event!) when to th' unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire,

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
 The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day 725
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
 Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure,

Which

Which God likes best, into their inmost bow'r
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
 Strait side by side were laid: nor turn'd I ween
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
 Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
 Whatever hypocrites austere talk
 Of purity and place and innocence, 745
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our maker bids increase, who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
 Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source 750
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise, of all things common else.
 By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men,
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
 (Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure) 755
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame;
 Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets! 760
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
 Reigns here and revels: not in the bought smile 765
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition; nor in Court-amours
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof

Shower'd

Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on
Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade, 780
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch: these other wheel the north,
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear 785
From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd,
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of hell; on errand bad no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct,
In search of whom they sought: him there they found 800
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams: 805

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise 805
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raise
At last distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blow up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
Touch'd lightly; (for no falsehood can indure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness) up he starts
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark 815
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back step'd those two fair angels half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisly King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd
Why sat'st thou, like an enemy in wait, 825
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn:
Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same, 835

Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known
 As when thou floodst in heav'n upright and pure:
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
 Thy sin, and place of doom, obscure and foul. 840
 But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845
 Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw and pin'd
 His loss: but chiefly to find here observ'd 850
 His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
 Or all at once; more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
 Will save us tryal what the least can do 855
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
 But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
 Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
 His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half rounding guards
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
 Awaiting next command; to whom their Chief,
 Gabriel, from the Front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hastening this way, and now by glimpse discern

Ithuriel

Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
 And with them comes a third of Regal port,
 But faded splendor wan; who by his gait 870
 And fierce demeanor seems the Prince of hell;
 Not likely to part hence without contest:
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

He scarce had ended when those two approach'd,
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,
 How busied, in what form and posture couch'd. 876
 To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
 By thy example, but have pow'r and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;
 Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
 Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th'esteem of wise, 886
 And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
 Tho' thither doom'd? thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place, 891
 Farthest from pain; where thou might'st hope to change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
 But evil hast not try'd. And wilt object
 His will who bound us? let him surer bar
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance! thus much what was ask'd:

The

The rest is true: they found me where they say; 900
But that implies not violence, or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus reply'd.
O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew! 905
And now returns him from his prison scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd, from his bounds in hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to indure? courageous chief! 920
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alledg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.
Not that I less indure, or shrink from pain, 925
Insulting Angel, well thou know'st: I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battel to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before, 430
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard essays and ill successes past.

A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:
I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent; here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940
Though, for possession, put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne.
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945
To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd:
To say, and strait un-say, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan! and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends! fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve 955
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r supreme?
And thou, fly hypocrite! who now would seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd and cring'd, and servily ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope 960
To dispossess him, and thy self to reign?
But mark what I arreel thee now: avant!
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facil gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he, but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970
Proud limitary Cherub! but e'er then
Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
In progress through the road of heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd, 985
Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like Teneriff, or Atlas, unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise 991
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid tray
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with ballanc'd air 1000
In

In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting, and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend. 1005

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
Neither our own but giv'n: what folly then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, [weak,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how
If thou resist.—The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night. 1015

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

MORNING appeared THE
some dream: he knew it not, yet comforted her: They came forth
their day labour: Their evening hours in the shadow of the trees
God so tenderly blessed, the Lord blessed to him with his
why his country, and wherever she may still Adam's name, Raphael
comes down to Paradise, his appearance lovely, his countenance
dressed by Adam when he was at the door of his house
he goes not to meet him, brings **F**o his father, announcing him
the choice fruits of Paradise got together by him: their dinner
table: Raphael pictures his message, which Adam of the new
his country: Adam at Adam's house who that evening in bed
and in the morning he goes and leaves Adam to the
the north, and that he had been to rebel with him, but
but only a child, who is innocent, childless and young
and that he had been to rebel with him, but only a child, who is innocent, childless and young

THE

THE ARGUMENT
OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

MORNING approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her trouble
some dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to
their day labors: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower.
God to render man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his
obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and
why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael
comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming
discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower,
he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with
the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at
table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of
his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he
came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the
occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of
the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all
but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him,
then forsakes him,

MILTON

MILTON'S
PARADISE LOST:
IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

BOOK V.

NOW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd: so custom'd; for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which th' only sound* 5
Of leaves and fuming rills (Aurora's fan)
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough. So much the more
His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
As

* Perhaps these two Verses were originally dictated by the Author thus:

And temperate vapors bland from fuming rills,
Which th' only sound of leaves (Aurora's fan)
Lightly dispers'd, &c.

As through unquiet rest: he on his side
 Leaning half rais'd, with locks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight!
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colors, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night,
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
 (If dream'd) not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day pass'd, or morrow's next design;
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
 Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
 Full orb'd, the moon, and with more pleasant light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,

If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but Thee, nature's desire?
 In whose sight all things joy, with raptiment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not:
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd thro' ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
 And as I wondring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
 And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd!
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge so despis'd?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good: why else set here?
 This said he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.
 But he thus, overjoy'd, O fruit divine!
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus crop'd!
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men:
 And why not Gods of men, since good the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?
 Here, happy creature, fair Angelic Eve!
 Partake thou also: happy though thou art,
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thy self a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,

But

But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
 Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
 What life the Gods live there, and such live Thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell 85
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste! Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep: but O, how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of my self, and dearer half! 95
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear.
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
 Are many lesser faculties that serve
 Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
 Her office holds: of all external things
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms Imaginations, aery shapes,
 Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames 105
 All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private cell, when nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
 To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams; 110
 Ill

Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115
 But with addition strange: yet be not sad,
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unprov'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
 That wont to be more chearful and serene,
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world:
 And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs,
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair:
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their chrystal sluice, he e'er they fell
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste:
 But first from under shady arborous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun (who scarce up-ris'n
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim, 140
 Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains.)
 Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
 In various style; for neither various style
 Nor

Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse: 150
 More tunable, than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then! 155
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
 Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heav'n.
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end! 165
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climbst,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st 175
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wandring fires, that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth 180

Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise; 185
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great author rise;
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs, 190
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow, 195
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise:
 Join voices all ye living souls, ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise;
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep:
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail Universal Lord! be bounteous still 205
 To give us only good: and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm. 210
 On to their morning's rural work they haste
 Among sweet dewes and flow'rs; where any row
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check

T

Fruitless

Fruitless embraces : or they led the vine
 To wed her elm ; she spous'd, about him twines 215
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
 With pity heav'n's high King, and to Him call'd 220
 Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seventimes wedded maid.

Raphael, said He, thou hear'st what stir on earth
 Satan, from hell scap'd thro' the darksome gulf, 225
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind :
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labor with repast,
 Or with repose : and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state,
 Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235
 Left to his own free will ; his will though free,
 Yet mutable : whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not too secure. Tell him withal
 His danger, and from whom ; what enemy
 Late fall'n himself from heav'n, is plotting now 240
 The fall of others from like state of bliss :
 By violence ? no, for that shall be withstood ;
 But by deceit and lies ; this let him know,
 Lest wilfully transgressing, he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
 All justice : nor delay'd the winged saint

After his charge receiv'd ; but from among
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light, 250
 Flew through the midst of heav'n : th' Angelic Quires
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate
 Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
 On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
 Divine, the sov'reign architect had fram'd.
 From hence (no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Star interpos'd,) however small, he sees
 (Not unconform to other shining globes)
 Earth, and the Gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
 Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon :
 Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades,
 Delos, or Samos, first appearing kens 265
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds : with steady wing
 Now on the polar winds ; then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air : till within soar 270
 Of towring eagles, t' all the fowls he seems
 A Phoenix gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
 When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
 Bright temple, to Ægyptian Thebes he flies.
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
 A Seraph wing'd : six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament : the middle pair 280
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,

And

After

And colors dip'd in heav'n : the third, his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
 Of Angels under watch ; and to his state,
 And to his message high in honor rise ;
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound. 290
 Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm ;
 A wilderness of sweets ! for nature here
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and plaid at will 295
 Her virgin-fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule or art ; enormous bliss !
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm [needs :]
 Earth's inmost womb, (more warmth than Adam
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky streams,
 Berry or grape ; to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving ; seems another morn 310
 Ris'n on mid-noon ; some great behest from heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
 Abundance, fit to honor and receive 315
 Our heav'nly stranger : well we may afford

Out

Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare, 320

To whom thus Eve, Adam, earth's hallow'd mould
 Of God inspir'd ! small store will serve, where store,
 (All seasons) ripe for use hangs on the stalk ;
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes. 325
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
 Each plant, and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
 To entertain our Angel-guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
 God hath dispens'd his bounties, as in heav'n. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant ; but bring 335
 Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change :
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever earth all-bearing mother yields
 In India east or west ; or middle shore
 In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where 340
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
 She gathers ; tribute large ! and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand : for drink, the grape
 She crushes (inoffensive Must) and meathes 345
 From many a berry : and from sweet kernels press'd,
 She tempers dulcet creams ; nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure : then strews the ground
 With rose, and odors from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean

Mean while our primitive great fire to meet 350
 His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompany'd than with his own complete
 Perfections; in himself was all his state;
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On Princes, when their rich retinue long 355
 Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold
 Dazzles the crow'd, and sets them all agape.
 Nearer his presence Adam though not aw'd,
 Yet with submissive approach, and reverence meek,
 As t' a superior nature, bowing low, 360
 Thus said. Native of heaven! (for other place
 None can than heaven such glorious shape contain)
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
 To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us 365
 Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r
 To rest; and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' Angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
 Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n,
 To visit thee: lead on then where thy bow'r 375
 O'er shades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise
 I have at will. So to the sylvan Lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd
 With flowrets deck'd, and fragrant smells: but Eve
 Undeck'd, save with her self more lovely fair 380
 Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
 Of three, that in mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood t' entertain her guest from heav'n: no veil

She

She needed, virtue-proof, no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail 385
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind! whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round:
 And on her ample square, from side to side,
 All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
 (No fear lest dinner cool) when thus began 396
 Our author. Heav'nly stranger! please to taste
 These bounties which our nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends
 To us for food, and for delight, hath caus'd 400
 The earth to yield: unfavoury food perhaps
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung!) to man, in part 405
 Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intellectual substances require,
 As doth your rational: and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty 410
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste:
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And Corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs
 To be sustain'd and fed: of elements 415
 The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;

Earth

Earth and the sea feed air ; the air those fires
 Ethereal ; and as lowest, first the moon ;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
 Vapors, not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist continent, to higher orbs.
 The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimential recompense,
 In humid exhalations ; and at ev'n 425
 Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
 Yield Nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here 430
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with heaven ; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice. — So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
 The Angel, nor in mist, (the common gloss 435
 Of Theologians) but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate : what redounds, transpires
 Through spirits with ease : nor wonder ; if by fire
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist 440
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
 As from the Mine. Mean while at table Eve
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445
 Deserving Paradise ! if ever, then,
 Then had the sons of God excuse t' have been
 Enamor'd at that sight : but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. 450
 Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
 Not

Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
 In Adam, not to let the occasion pass,
 Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
 Of things above this world, and of their being 455
 Who dwell in heav'n : whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
 Divine effulgence ! whose high pow'r, so far
 Exceeded human ; and his wary speech
 Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God ! now know I well
 Thy favour, in this honor done to man ;
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
 As that more willingly thou could'st not seem
 At heav'n's high feasts t' have fed : yet what compare ?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
 O Adam ! one Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
 If not deprav'd from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life :
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
 As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd ;
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportion'd to each kind. So, from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk ; from thence, the leaves
 More æry ; last, the bright consummate flow'r 480
 Spirits odorous breathes ; flow'rs, and their fruit,
 (Man's nourishment) by gradual scale sublim'd,
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
 U To

To intellectual; give both life and sense,
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
 Reason receives; and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours;
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance. Time may come, when men
 With Angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
 And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 Improv'd by tract of time; and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal, as we; or may at choice,
 Here, or in heav'nly Paradises dwell;
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love intire,
 Whose progeny you are. Mean while, enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd:
 O favorable spirit, propitious guest!
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
 From center to circumference; whereon,
 In contemplation of created things,
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution join'd, if ye be found
 Obedient? Can we want obedience then
 To Him, or possibly His love desert
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here,
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek, or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of heav'n and earth,
 Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God:
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee; but to persevere
 He left it in thy pow'r, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity.
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated; such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
 Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other chuse?
 My self and all th' Angelic Host, that stand
 In sight of God inthron'd, our happy state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none: freely we serve,
 Because we freely love; as in our will
 To love, or not, in this we stand or fall.
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from heaven to deepest hell; O fall
 From what high state of bliss, into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
 Divine instructor! I have heard, than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
 Aereal music send. Nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free;
 Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our Maker, and obey Him whose command
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts

Assur'd

Affur'd me, and still assure; though what thou tell'st
 Hath past in heav'n, some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear (if thou consent) 555
 The full relation; which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard:
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
 Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request, and Raphael
 After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime of men!
 Sad task and hard! For how shall I relate
 To human sense th' invisible exploits 565
 Of warring spirits? How, without remorse,
 The ruin of so many, glorious once,
 And perfect, while they stood? how, last, unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good, 570
 This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporeal forms,
 As may express them best: though, what if earth
 Be but the shadow of heav'n; and things therein 575
 Each t'other like, more than on earth is thought!

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
 Reign'd where these heav'ns now rowl, where earth
 Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day [now rests
 For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580
 (To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future) on such day
 As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host
 Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,

Innumerable

Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585
 Forthwith, from all the ends of heav'n, appear'd
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
 (Standards, and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear)
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
 Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees:
 Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst (as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible) thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605
 At my right hand: your Head I Him appoint:
 And by My self have sworn to Him shall bow
 All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord.
 Under his great Vice-gerent reign abide
 United, as one individual soul, 610
 For ever happy: Him who disobey's,
 Me disobey's, breaks union, and that day
 Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seem'd well pleas'd: all seem'd, but were not all.
 That

That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill;
 Mystical dance, (which yonder starry sphere
 Of Planets and of Fix'd in all her wheels 620
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
 Then most, when most irregular they seem,)
 And in their motions harmony divine 625
 So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
 Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd
 (For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,
 We ours for change delectable, not need)
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
 Desirous: all in circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
 With Angels food, and rubied Nectar flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n! 635
 On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flowrets crown'd,
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy, (secure
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
 Excels) before th' all-bounteous King, who show'r'd
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy, 641
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had chang'd
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 645
 In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd
 All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globe of earth in plain out-spread,
 (Such are the courts of God!) th' Angelic throng 650
 Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
 By living streams among the trees of life,

Pavilions

Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their course
 Melodious hymns, about the sov'reign throne, 656
 Alternate all night long. 'But not so wak'd
 Satan, (so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in heaven) He of the first,
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r, 660
 In favor and preeminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
 Messiah, King anointed, could not bear
 Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain, 666
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworship'd, unbey'd the throne supreme, 670
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear! what sleep can close
 Thy eye-lids, and remember'st what decree
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips 675
 Of heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont t' impart:
 Both waking we were one; how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd:
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve; new counsels; to debate 681
 What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief:
 Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim night 685
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste

(And

(And all who under me their banners wave)
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The great Messiah, and his new commands;
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Pow'rs,
(Under him regent) tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now e'er night,
Now e'er dim night had disincumber'd heav'n,
The great hierarchal standard was to move:
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words, and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great Potentate; (for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n)
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them; and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host.

Mean-while th' Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth His holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before Him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose His high decree;
And smiling to His only Son thus said.

Son,

Son, Thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all My might!
Nearly it now concerns Us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence; and with what arms
We mean to hold what antiently We claim
Of Deity or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends t' erect his throne
Equal to Ours, throughout the spacious north:
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect, and clear,
(Light'ning divine, ineffable, serene!)
Made answer. Mighty Father, Thou Thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs, and tumults vain:
Matter to Me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r
Giv'n Me to quell their pride; and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.

So spake the Son: but Satan with his Pow'rs
Far was advanc'd on winged speed; an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or (stars of morning) dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flow'r.
Regions they pals'd, and mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees; (Regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more

X

Than

Than what this garden is to all the earth,
 And all the sea; from one entire globe
 Stretch'd into longitude) which having pass'd,
 At length into the limits of the north
 They came, and Satan to his royal seat
 High on a hill, far blazing (as a mount
 Rais'd on a mount) with pyramids, and tow'rs
 From diamond quarries hew'n, and rocks of gold,
 The Palace of great Lucifer; (so call
 That structure in the dialect of men
 Interpreted) which not long after he,
 Affecting all equality with God,
 In imitation of that mount whereon
 Messiah was declar'd in sight of heav'n,
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd:
 For thither he assembled all his train,
 Pretending so commanded, to consult
 About the great reception of their King,
 Thither to come; and with calumnious art
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
 If these magnificent titles yet remain
 Not merely titular! since by decree
 Another now hath to himself ingross'd
 All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
 Of King anointed; for whom all this haste
 Of midnight-march, and hurry'd meeting here,
 This only to consult, how we may best
 With what may be devis'd of honors new
 Receive him, coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!
 Too much to one! but double how indur'd,
 To one, and to his image now proclaim'd?
 But what if better counsels might erect

755

760

765

770

775

780

785
Our

Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
 The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right; or if ye know your selves
 Natives and sons of heav'n, possess before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free: for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then, or right, assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right
 His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,
 In freedom equal? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not, much less for This to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to th' abuse
 Of those Imperial Titles which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

790

795

800

Thus far his bold discourse without controul
 Had audience; when among the Seraphim,
 Abdiel, (than whom none with more zeal ador'd
 The Deity, and divine commands obey'd)
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

805

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n
 Expected, least of all from Thee, ingrate!
 In place thy self so high above thy peers.
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn;
 That to His only Son, by right indu'd
 With regal sceptre, every soul in heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
 Flatly

810

815

Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign, 828
 One over all with unsucceeded pow'r—
 Shalt thou give law to God? shalt Thou dispute
 With Him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what Thou art? and form'd the Pow'rs of heav'n
 Such as He pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their Being? 832
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignity
 How provident He is? how far from thought
 To make us less; bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state, under one head more near 836
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign:
 Thy self (though great and glorious) dost thou count,
 Or all Angelic Nature join'd in one,
 Equal to Him begotten Son? By whom, 840
 As by his Word, the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n Thee, and all the spirits of heav'n,
 By Him created in their bright degrees;
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs, 844
 Essential Pow'rs! nor by his reign obscur'd,
 But more illustrious made, since He the Head
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
 His laws our laws, all honor to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 848
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
 While pardon may be found, in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel: but his zeal
 None seconded, as out of reason judg'd,
 Or singular and rash: whereat rejoic'd
 Th' apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

852

That

That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transfer'd 854
 From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who
 When this creation was? Remember'st Thou [saw
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee Being?
 We know no time when We were not as now;
 Know none before us; self-begot, self-raisd 860
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons.
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 864
 Who is our equal: then! thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begird th' Almighty throne
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,
 These tidings, carry to th' anointed King; 870
 And fly, e'er evil intercept thy flight!

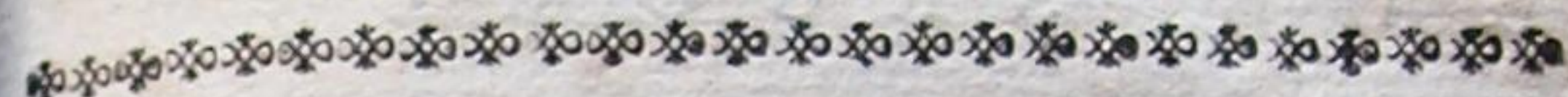
He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause,
 Through the infinite host: nor less for that
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
 Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
 Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd 880
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
 Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
 Of God's Messiah: those indulgent laws
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recall. 885
 That

That golden sceptre which thou didst reject,
 Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;
 Yet not for thy advice, or threats, I fly
 These wicked tents devoted; lest the wrath 890
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire!
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
 Among the faithless, faithful only He:
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untir'd,
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal: 900
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought: 905
 And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
 On those proud tow'rs, to swift destruction doom'd.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

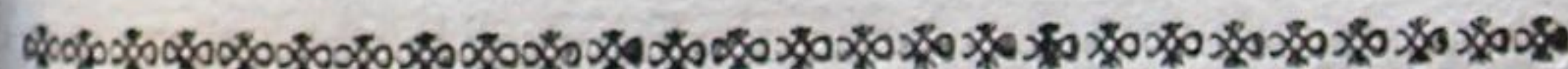


T H E

S I X T H B O O K

O F

PARADISE LOST.



THE ARGUMENT
OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

THE

M I L T O N's

PARADISE LOST:

I N

T W E L V E B O O K S.

B O O K VI.

ALL night the dreadless Angel, unpursu'd,
Thro' heav'n's wide champain held his way, till Morn;
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro' heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night,
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the heav'n, (tho' darkness there might well
Seem twilight here) and now went forth the Morn,
Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot thro' with orient beams: when all the plain 15
Cover'd

Y

Cover'd with thick imbattled squadrons bright,
 Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
 Already known what he for news had thought
 To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
 Among those friendly Pow'r's, who him receiv'd
 With joy and acclamations loud, that One,
 That of so many myriads fall'n, yet One
 Return'd, not lost. On to the sacred hill
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard,

Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms:
 And for the testimony of truth hast born
 Universal reproach; far worse to bear
 Than violence: for this was all thy care,
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' worlds
 Judg'd thee perverse. The easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,
 Right reason for their law; and for their King
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies Prince,
 And thou, in military prowess next,
 Gabriel, lead forth to battel these my sons
 Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,
 By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight;
 Equal in number to that Godless crew,

Rebellious:

Rebellious: them with fire, and hostile arms,
 Fearless assault; and to the brow of heav'n
 Pursuing, drive them out from God, and bliss,
 Into their place of punishment, the gulph
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
 His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.

So spake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to rowl
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awak'd. Nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
 At which command, the Powers militant
 That stood for heav'n, (in mighty quadrate join'd
 Of union irresistible) mov'd on
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
 Heroic ardor to ad'venturous deeds,
 Under their God-like Leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
 Nor streit'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
 Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air up-bore
 Their nimble tread: as when the total kind
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
 Came summon'd over Eden, to receive
 Their names of thee: so, over many a tract
 Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,
 Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
 Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
 In battalious aspect, and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd and shields

Various,

Various, with boastful argument pourtraid,
 The banded Pow'rs of Satan, hasting on 83
 With furious expedition: for they ween'd
 That self-same day by fight, or by surprize
 To win the mount of God; and on His throne
 To set the envier of His state, the proud
 Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
 In the mid-way. Though strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy, and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one Great Sire, 95
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout
 Of battel now began, and rushing sound
 Of on-set ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst, exalted as a God,
 Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
 Idol of majesty divine! inclos'd
 With flaming Cherubim, and golden shields:
 Then, lighted from his gorgeous throne, (for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval! and front to front 105
 Presented stood in terrible array,
 Of hideous length) before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battel e'er it join'd,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold: 110
 Abdiel that sight indur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds;
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty 115
 Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
 There fail, where virtue fails; or weakest prove
 Where

Where boldest? Though to fight unconquerable,
 His puissance (trusting in th' Almighty's aid!)
 I mean to try; whose reason I have try'd 120
 Unsound and false: nor is it ought but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms; in both disputes alike
 Victor: though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force; yet so 125
 Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
 Forth-stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130

Proud art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
 The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r,
 Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain 135
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms:
 Who, out of smallest things, could without end
 Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand,
 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow, 140
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness; but thou seest
 All are not of thy train; there be who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone 145
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all: my Sect thou seest; now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
 For

For my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
 From flight, seditious Angel! to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue,
 Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met
 Their Deities t' assert: who while they feel
 Vigor divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
 From me some plume; that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between,
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know,
 At first I thought that liberty, and heav'n,
 To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministering spirits, train'd up in feast and song!
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of Servitude, to serve whom God ordains, 175
 Or nature; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as Thine now serve Thee, 180
 Thy self not free, but to thy self inthrall'd;
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministering upbraid.
 Reign thou in hell thy kingdom, let me serve
 In heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd! 185
 Yet

Yet chains in hell, not realms expect: mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd; the tenth, on bended knee,
 His massy spear upstaid: as if on earth 195
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half sunk with all his pines, Amazement seis'd
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see [200
 Thus foil'd their Mightiest: ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of victory and fierce desire
 Of battel: whereat Michael bid sound
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze 205
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamor, such as heard in heav'n till now
 Was never; arms on armor clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
 Of conflict! over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew;
 And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery Cope together rush'd 215
 Both Battels main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage: all heav'n
 Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
 Millions

Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
 Army against army, numberless, to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat!
 Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent,
 From his strong hold of heav'n, high over-rul'd
 And limited their might: though number'd such,
 As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
 A numerous host; in strength, each armed hand,
 A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
 Each warrior; single, as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle, open when, and when to close 235
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argu'd fear: each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
 Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245
 The battel hung; till Satan, (who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shewn, and met in arms
 No equal) ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway 251
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide-wasting! such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb

Of

Of ten-fold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference! At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd; and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd,
 Or captive drag'd in chains, with hostile frown, 260
 And visage all inflam'd, first thus began.

Author of evil! unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, (as thou seest)
 These acts of hateful strife; hateful to all,
 Though heaviest (by just measure) on thyself, 265
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false! But think not here
 To trouble holy rest; heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines: heav'n the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then! and Evil go with thee along, 275
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell;
 Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils;
 E'er this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels: to whom thus
 The adversary. Nor think thou with wind
 Of aery threats to awe, whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me,
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious! and with threats

Z

To

To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
 The strife of glory: which we mean to win 290
 Or turn this heav'n it self into the hell
 Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force
 (And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,)
 I fly not; but have fought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
 Unspeakable: for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may list
 Human imagination to such height 300
 Of Godlike pow'r? For likest Gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields 305
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng;
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion: such as (to set forth 310
 Great things by small) if nature's concord broke.
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky,
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both, with next t' Almighty arm 315
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 (As not of pow'r, at once) nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword
 Of Michael from the armory of God 320

Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor staid, 325
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd thro' him: but the ethereal substance clos'd, 330
 Not long divisible; and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humor issuing flow'd,
 Sanguine (such as celestial spirits may bleed,)
 And all his armor stain'd, e'er while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defense; while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot; where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war: there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, (not, as frail man, 345
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins)
 Cannot but by annihilating die:
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
 All heart they live, all head, all eye all ear, 350
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and color shape and size
 Assume, as likes them best condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355
 And

And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
 Of Moloc, furious King! who him defy'd,
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon 360
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe
 (Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd)
 Vanquish'd, Adramelec, and Asmadai, 365
 Two potent Thrones! that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd; but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
 Mangl'd with gashly wounds thro' plate and mail,
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel, to annoy
 The atheist-crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370
 Ariel, and Arioc, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.—

I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect 375
 Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy; yet to glory aspires,
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom! 385

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,
 With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder: all the ground

With

With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
 And fiery foaming steeds: what stood, recoil'd
 O'er-wearied, thro' the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd;
 Then first with fear surpriz'd, and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious: to such evil brought 395
 By sin of disobedience; till that hour,
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints,
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd: 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd! in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd [405
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her course began, and over heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence, on the odious din of war:
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
 Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field, 410
 Michael and his Angels prevalent
 Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part,
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest, 415
 His Potentates to council call'd by night;
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear! 420
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,
 (Too mean pretense) but what we more affect,
 Honor,

Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What heav'n's Lord hath powerfulest to send
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd 425
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will.
 But proves not so!—then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
 Some disadvantage we indur'd, and pain,
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd,
 Since now we find this our empyreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable; and though pierc'd with wound, 435
 Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
 Of evil then so small, as easie think
 The remedy: perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn;
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake. 450

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right, as Gods! yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,

Against

Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
 Ruin must needs ensue: for what avails
 Valor or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend 465
 Our yet-unwounded enemies, or arm
 Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
 Not uninvited that, which thou aright 470
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould, whereon we stand;
 This continent of spacious heav'n, adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold; 475
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground; materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With heav'n's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth 480
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
 These in their dark nativity, the Deep
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame:
 Which into hollow engines, long and round,
 Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire 485
 Dilated, and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far, with thund'ring noise, among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash

To

To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse: that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labor; yet e'er dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
The invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor mis'd, so easy it seem'd. 499
Once found, which yet unfound most would have
Impossible. Yet haply of thy race [thought
In future days (if malice should abound)
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument, to plague the sons of men 505
For sin on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
None arguing stood: innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception: sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adust they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515
Part, hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Intrails unlike) of mineral and stone;
Whereof to found their engines, and their balls
Of missive ruin: part, incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all e'er day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespied.

Now

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host!
Soon banded: others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 531
Where lodg'd or whither fled, or if for fight

In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow
But firm battalion: back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 536
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, warriors, arm for fight! the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
Sad resolution, and secure. Let each
His adamant coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Born ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r, 545
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themselves; and soon
In order, quit of all impediment,
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move embattell'd: when behold! 550
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
A-while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan; and thus was heard commanding loud.

A a

Vanguard

Vanguard to right and left the Front unfold;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open breast
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
 But that I doubt: however witness heav'n!
 Heav'n witness thou anon! while we discharge
 Freely our part: ye who appointed stand,
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended; when to right and left the Front
 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd:
 Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange!
 A triple mounted row of pillars, laid
 On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak, or fir,
 With branches lop'd, in wood or mountain-fell'd)
 Brass, iron, stony mold; had not their mouths
 With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce: at each behind
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tip'd with fire; while we suspense,
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd:
 Not long! for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
 With nicest touch; immediate in a flame,
 (But soon obscur'd with smoke) all heav'n appear'd
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
 Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore; disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
 Of iron globes, which on the victor host
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,

560

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That

That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks; but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
 The sooner for their arms; (unarm'd they might
 Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove:) but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files:
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter: for in view,
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second Tire
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

605

O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 E'er-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open Front,
 And Breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.

610

615

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood:
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home;
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbl'd many: who receives them right,

Had

Had need from head to foot well understand; 625
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory: Eternal Might 630
 To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms 636
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd!)
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills 640
 (For earth hath this variety from heav'n
 Of pleasure situate in hill, and dale)
 Light as the light'ning glimpse they ran they flew,
 From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
 They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops 645
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,
 When coming towards them, so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
 Till on those cursed engines' triple-row 650
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep:
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the air 654
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd:
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruise'd
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan; Long

Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light; 660
 (Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown)
 The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up tore;
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire; 665
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
 Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose. And now all heav'n 670
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin over-spread,
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
 To honor his Anointed Son, aveng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All pow'r on him transfer'd; whence to his Son,
 (Th' Assessor of His Throne) He thus began.

Effulgence of My Glory, Son belov'd, 680
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deity I am;
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence! two days are past,
 (Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n) 685
 Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
 These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd:
 For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom:

Whence

Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found.
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which makes
 Wild work in heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
 Two days are therefore past, the third is Thine;
 For Thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far 700
 Have suffer'd that the glory may be Thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
 Can end it. Into Thee such virtue, and grace
 Immense, I have transfus'd, that all may know
 In heav'n and hell Thy pow'r above compare; 705
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 To manifest Thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things; to be Heir, and to be King
 By sacred unction, Thy deserved right.
 Go then Thou Mightiest in Thy Father's might! 710
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all My war,
 My bow and thunder, My Almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon Thy puissant thigh.
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715
 From all heav'n's bounds, into the utter deep:
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah His anointed King.

He said, and on His Son with rays direct
 Shone full, he all His Father full exprest, 720
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd:
 And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best! Thou always seek'st 725
 To glorifie Thy Son, I always Thee,
 As

As is most just: this I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That Thou in Me well pleas'd, declar'st Thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all My bliss.
 Sceptre and pow'r, Thy giving I assume; 730
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in Thee
 For ever; and in Me all whom Thou lov'st:
 But whom Thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put Thy mildness on, 735
 Image of Thee in all things: and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd;
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm;
 That from Thy just obedience could revolt, 740
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall Thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
 Far separate, circling Thy holy mount
 Unfained Hallelujahs to Thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them Chief. 745

So said, He o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glory where he sat:
 And the third sacred morn began to shine, [sound
 Dawning through heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirlwind
 The chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 It self instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four Cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all,
 And wings, were set with eyes; with eyes, the wheels
 Of beril; and careering fires between: 756
 Over their heads a chrystal firmament;
 Where, on a saphir throne, (inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colors of the showry arch)

He.

He, in cœlestial panoply all arm'd 760
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought!
 Ascended: at his right hand, Victory
 Sate eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow,
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd:
 And from about him fierce effusion rowl'd 765
 Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire,
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came; far off his coming shone,
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen. 770
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the chrystalline sky, in saphir thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide: but by His own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd, 775
 As fit by Angels born, his sign in heav'n:
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either Wing,
 Under their Head imbodyed all in one.
 Before Him Pow'r Divine His way prepar'd; 780
 At His command th' uprooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard His voice and went
 Obsequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smil'd.

This saw His hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs,
 Insensate! hope conceiving from despair:
 In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But (to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent) 790
 They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see His glory, at the sight
 Took envy; and aspiring to His height,

Stood

Stood re-embattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
 Against God and Messiah; or to fall
 In universal ruin last: and now
 To final battel drew, disdaining flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the Great Son of God
 To all His hosts on either hand thus spake. 800

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel rest:
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause:
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805
 Invincibly. But of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs;
 Vengeance is His, or whose He sole appoints.
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
 Nor multitude: stand only, and behold 810
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd
 By Me; not you, but Me they have despis'd;
 Yet envied: against Me is all their rage,
 Because the Father, t' whom in heav'n supreme
 Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains, 815
 Hath honor'd Me according to His will.
 Therefore to Me their doom He hath assign'd:
 That they may have their wish, to try with Me
 In battel which the stronger proves, they All,
 Or I alone against them; since by strength 820
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.
 So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
 His count'nance, too severe to be beheld! 825
 And full of wrath bent on His enemies.

B b

A f

By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 893
 What might have else to human race been hid;
 The discord which beset, and war in heav'n
 Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
 With Satan, he who envies now thy state:
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce 900
 Thee also from obedience, that with him
 (Bereav'd of happiness) thou may'st partake
 His punishment, eternal misery;
 Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
 As a despite done against the Most High,
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
 But listen not to his temptations, warn
 Thy weaker: let it profit thee to have heard,
 By terrible example, the reward 910
 Of disobedience: firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell. Remember, and fear to transgress.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT

OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

MILTON

MILTON'S
PARADISE LOST:
IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from heav'n, the Urania! by that name
If rightly thou art call'd; whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou 5
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Upl'd by thee,
Into the heav'n of heav'ns, I have presum'd,
(An earthly guest) and drawn empyreal air,
Thy

Thy temp'ring. With like safety guided down, 15
 Return me to my native element :
 Left from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
 Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn. 20
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible diurnal sphere :
 Standing on earth, not rap'd above the Pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice ; unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 25
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude ! Yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly ; or when morn
 Purples the east : still govern thou my song, 30
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus, and his revellers ; the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35
 To rapture, 'till the savage clamor drown'd
 Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphael,
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
 Adam, by dire example to beware
 Apostasy, by what beset in heav'n
 To those apostates, lest the like befall 45
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,
 (Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree)
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command ;
 So easily obey'd, amid the choice 50

Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
 Though wandring.—He, with his consoled Eve, 50
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration, and deep muse, to hear
 Of things so high and strange ; things to their thought
 So unimaginable, as hate in heav'n,
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss, 55
 With such confusion : but the evil soon,
 Driv'n back, redounded, as a flood, on those
 From whom it sprung ; impossible to mix
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose : and now 60
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him, how this world
 Of heav'n and earth conspicuous first began ;
 When, and whereof created ; for what cause ;
 What within Eden, or without, was done 65
 Before his memory (as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
 Whose liquid murmur heard, new thirst excites.)
 Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
 Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd
 Divine interpreter ! by favor sent
 Down from the empyrean, to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss
 Unknown ; which human knowledge could not reach :
 For which to th' Infinitely Good we owe 76
 Immortal thanks, and His admonishment
 Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably His sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd 80
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart
 Things above earthly thought (which yet concern'd

Our knowing, as to Highest Wisdom seem'd)
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 (What may no less perhaps avail us known)
 How first began this heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
 Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
 All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd,
 Imbracing round this florid earth; what cause
 Mov'd the Creator, in his holy rest
 Through all eternity, so late to build
 In Chaos: and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask
 Of his eternal empire, but the more
 To magnify his works, the more we know.
 And the great light of day yet wants to run
 Much of his race, though steep, suspense in heav'n
 Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,
 And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
 His generation, and the rising Birth
 Of nature from the unapparent Deep:
 Or if the star of ev'ning, and the moon
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
 Silence; and sleep, list'ning to thee, will watch;
 Or we can bid his absence, 'till thy song
 End, and dismiss thee e'er the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild.

This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
 Obtain: though to recount Almighty works,
 What words, or tongue of Seraph, can suffice!
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend!
 Yet what thou can'st attain. (which best may serve
 To

To glorify the Maker, and infer
 Thee also happier) shall not be with-held
 Thy hearing: such Commission from above
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds: beyond abstain
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;
 To none communicable in earth or heav'n:
 Enough is left besides to search and know.
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her temperance over appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain;
 Oppress'd else with surfeit, and soon turns
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host
 Of Angels, than that star the stars among)
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
 Into his place, and the Great Son return'd
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deity supreme, (us dispossess)
 He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
 Their station; heav'n, yet populous, retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms,
 Though wide; and this high temple to frequent
 With

With ministeries due and solemn rites.
 But let his heart exalt him in the harm
 Already done, to have dispeopled heav'n, 150
 (My damage fondly deem'd!) I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be, to lose
 Self-lost; and in a moment will create
 Another world; out of one man, a race 155
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here: 'till by degrees of merit rais'd,
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither; under long obedience try'd: 159
 And earth be chang'd to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
 One kingdom, joy, and union without end.
 Mean-while inhabit lax, ye pow'rs of heav'n!
 And thou my Word, begotten Son! by Thee
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done.
 My overshadowing Spirit and Might with Thee 165
 I send along: ride forth, and bid the Deep
 Within appointed bounds, be heav'n and earth:
 Boundless the Deep, because I AM who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space,
 Though I, uncircumscrib'd My self, retire 170
 And put not forth my goodness; which is free
 To act or not; Necessity and Chance
 Approach not Me, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
 His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
 Than time or motion; but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told;
 So told, as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n, 180
 When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
 Glory they sung to the Most High! good will

To

To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
 Glory to Him! whose just avenging ire
 Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his sight, 185
 And th' habitations of the just: to Him
 Glory and praise! whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create; instead
 Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
 His good to worlds, and ages, infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son
 On his great expedition now appear'd,
 Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
 Of Majesty Divine: sapience and love 195
 Immense, and all His Father in Him shone.
 About His chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub, and Seraph, Potentates, and Thrones,
 And Virtues: winged spirits, and chariots wing'd,
 From th' armory of God, where stand of old 200
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
 Cœlestial equipage! and now came forth
 Spontaneous (for within them spirit liv'd)
 Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide 205
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory, in His pow'rful Word,
 And Spirit, coming to create new Worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210
 They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss,
 Outragious as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the Pole 215

Silence

Silence ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, peace!
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end—

Nor staid; but, on the wings of Cherubim
Up-listed, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard His voice. Him all His train 220
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things.
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230
This be thy just circumference, O world!

Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth;
Matter unform'd and void! Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyss; but on the watry calm 234
His brooding wings the Spirit of God out-spread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd
The black, Tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the rest to several place 240
Disparted; and between, spun out the air;
And earth self-ballanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light! said God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep: and from her native east, 245
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant cloud; (for yet the Sun

Was

Was not) she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Ev'n and Morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld; 255
Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy and shout,
The hollow universal orb they fill'd;
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creator him they sung, 259
Both when first Ev'ning was, and when first Morn.

Again, God said, let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters! and God made
The firmament expanse of liquid pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd; lest fierce extremes
Contiguous, might distemper the whole frame:
And heav'n He nam'd the firmament: so Ev'n
And Morning Chorus sung the second day 275

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters (embryon immature) involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe, 280
Fer-

Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture: when God said,
 Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry land appear!—
 Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave 285
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters! Thither they 290
 Hastened with glad precipitance, up-rowl'd,
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:
 Part rise in chrystal wall, or ridge direct.
 For haste; such flight the Great Command impress'd
 On the swift floods: as armies at the call 295
 Of trumpet, (for of armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to their standard; so the wat'ry throng,
 Wave rowling after wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill; 300
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With serpent-error wandring, found their way,
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
 Easie, e'er God had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks, where rivers now 305
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry land, earth; and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters, he call'd seas;
 And saw that it was good: and said, let th' earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind;
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth!—
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth ('till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd)
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad 315
 Her

Her universal face with pleasant green.
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowr'd
 Op'ning their various colors, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet. And these scarce blown,
 Forth-flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed 321
 Embattl'd in her field; and the humble shrub,
 And bush, with frizl'd hair implicit. Last,
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread 324
 Their branches hung with copious fruit; or gemm'd
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd;
 With tufts the vallies, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers: that, earth now
 Seem'd like to heav'n; a seat, where Gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was: but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field; which, e'er it was in the earth,
 God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew 336
 On the green stem: God saw that it was good.
 So Ev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again the Almighty spake: Let there be lights
 High in the expanse of heaven, to divide 340
 The day from night: and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of heav'n
 To give light on the earth!—and it was so. 345
 And God made two great lights (great for their use
 To man) the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night, alterne; and made the stars;
 And set them in the firmament of heav'n,

D d

T' illuminate

T'illuminate the earth, and rule the day,
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night;
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:
 For of celestial bodies first, the sun
 (A mighty sphere!) He fram'd; unlightsome first,
 Tho' of ethereal mold: then, form'd the moon, 355
 Globose; and ev'ry magnitude of stars;
 And sow'd with stars the heav'n, thick as a field.
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 60
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light:
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light; 365
 And hence the morning planet gilds his horns:
 By tincture, or reflection, they augment
 Their small peculiar, though (from human sight
 So far remote) with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His Longitude through heav'n's high road: the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
 But opposite in level'd west was set, 376
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect; and still that distance keeps
 'Till night; then in the east her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds.
 With thousand thousand stars! that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere; then first adorn'd

With

With their bright luminaries, that set and rose: 385
 Glad Ev'ning and glad Morn crown'd the Fourth Day.

And God said, let the waters generate
 Reptile, with spawn abundant, living soul!
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Display'd on th' open Firmament of heav'n! 390
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds:
 And every bird of wing after his kind:
 And saw that it was good, and bleis'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas 396
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
 Forthwith the Sounds, and seas, each creek and bay
 With Fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave in Sculls, that oft
 Bank the mid-sea; part single, or with mate,
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture; and thro' groves
 Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance, 405
 Shew to the sun their wav'd coats, drop'd with gold:
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food,
 In jointed armor, watch: on smooth, the Seal,
 And bended dolphins play: part, huge of bulk! 410
 Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their gait
 Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the Deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims:
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
 Their brood as numerous hatch from th' egg, that soon
 Burstling

Bursting with kindly rupture, forth-disclos'd
 There callow young; but feather'd soon, and fledge, 420
 They summ'd their pens; and soaring the air sublime,
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect: there, the eagle, and the flock,
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
 Part, loosely wing the region; part, more wise 425
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way;
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their aery caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; (so steers the prudent crane 430
 Her annual voyage) born on winds, the air
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes,
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 'Till ev'n; nor then, the solemn nightingale 435
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft Lays,
 Others, on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tour
 The mid aerial sky. Others, on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours; and the other, whose gay train 445
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
 Of rainbows, and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the Fifth Day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose
 With ev'ning harps and matin; when God said, 450
 Let th' earth bring forth fowl living in her kind,
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
 Each

Each of their kind!—The earth obey'd; and strait
 Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455
 Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up-rose
 As from his laire, the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake or den:
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
 The cattle in the fields, and meadows green: 460
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds up-sprung.
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free 464
 His hinder parts; then springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the Ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, (as the mole
 Rising) the crumbl'd earth above them threw
 In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould 470
 Behemoth (biggest born of earth) up-heav'd
 His vastness: fleec'd the flocks, and bleating, rose,
 As plants: ambiguous between sea and land,
 The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475
 Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans,
 For wings; and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
 With spots of gold, and purple, azure and green:
 These, as a line, their long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace: not all
 Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept 485
 The parsimonious emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd!
 (Pattern of just equality perhaps

Here—

Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty.) Swarming next, appear'd
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know'st, and gave them names,
 Needless to thee repeated: nor unknown
 The serpent (subtlest beast of all the field) 495
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call,

Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and rowl'd
 Her motions, as the great First-Mover's hand 500
 First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
 Frequent; and of the sixth Day yet remain'd.
 There wanted yet the Master-work, the end 505
 Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone,
 And brute as other creatures, but indu'd
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence 510
 Magnanimous, to correspond with heav'n;
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God Supreme, who made him chief 515
 Of all His works: therefore th' Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not He
 Present?) thus to His Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520
 Over

Over the fish, and fowl, of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground!

This said, He form'd thee, Adam, thee O Man!
 Dust of the ground; and in thy nostrils breath'd 525
 The breath of life: in His own image He
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
 Male He created thee, but thy consort
 Female, for race: then bless'd mankind, and said; 530
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
 And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth,
 Where-ever thus created, for no place 535
 Is yet distinct by name. Thence (as thou know'st)
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden; planted with the trees of God;
 Delectable both to behold and taste:
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
 Gave thee (all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
 Variety without end!) but of the Tree,
 Which tasted works Knowledge of Good and Evil,
 Thou may'st not: in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st:
 Death is the penalty impos'd, beware! 545
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd He, and all that He had made
 View'd, and behold! all was entirely good;
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixth Day: 550
 Yet not 'till the Creator from His work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd;
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, His high abode,
 Thence

Thence to behold this new created world,
 Th' addition of His empire, how it shew'd
 In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair, 555
 Answering His great idea: Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardest)
 The heav'ns and all the constellations rung:
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung, 565
 Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in
 The Great Creator, from His work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world:
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men, 570
 Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send His winged messengers,
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung
 The glorious train ascending: He through heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575
 To God's eternal house direct the way;
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
 Seen in the galaxy (that milky way
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest 580
 Powder'd with stars.) And now on earth the Seventh
 Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when, at the holy mount
 Of heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne 585
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his Great Father: for he also went

Invi-

Invisible, yet staid (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
 Author and end of all things; and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the Sev'nth Day,
 As resting on that day from all his work:
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe 595
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string, or golden wire,
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral, or unison: of incense clouds,
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount: 600
 Creation, and the Six Days acts, they sung.

Great are Thy works, Jehovah, infinite
 Thy pow'r! what thought can measure Thee, or tongue
 Relate Thee? Greater now in Thy return
 Than from the Giant-Angels: Thee that day 605
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
 Is greater, than created to destroy.
 Who can impair Thee, Mighty King! or bound
 Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
 Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain, 610
 Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from Thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen Thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more Thy might: his evil 615
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another heav'n!
 From heav'n-gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
 Numerous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation; but Thou know'st

E e

Their

Their seasons : among these the seat of men,
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy man!
 And sons of men ! whom God hath thus advanc'd, 626
 Created in His image, there to dwell
 And worship Him ; and in reward to rule
 Over His works, on earth, in sea, or air ;
 And multiply a race of worshippers 630
 Holy and just : thrice happy if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright !

So sung they, and the empyrean rung
 With Hallelujahs : Thus was Sabbath kept.
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635
 How first this world, and face of things, began
 And what before thy memory was done
 From the beginning ; that posterity
 Inform'd by thee might know. If else thou seek'st
 Ought, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK

THE

THE

THE

DOES THESE

EIGHTH BOOK

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT
OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

ADAM inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

MILTON'S

MILTON'S
PARADISE LOST:
IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

BOOK VIII.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear:
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense 5
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian? who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
This friendly condescension to relate
Things, else by me unsearchable; now heard 10
With wonder, but delight; and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the High
Creator. Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve. When

When I behold this goodly frame, this world
 Of heav'n and earth consisting; and compute
 Their magnitudes; this earth a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
 And all her number'd stars; that seem to rowl
 Spaces incomprehensible, (for such
 Their distance argues, and their swift return
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night; in all their vast survey
 Useless besides: reasoning I oft admire,
 How nature, wise and frugal, could commit
 Such disproportions; with superfluous hand,
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold, to this one use;
 (For ought appears) and on their orbs impose
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated: while the sedentary earth,
 (That better might with far less compass move)
 Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
 Her end without least motion; and receives
 (As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed) her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
 Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight;
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace, that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose; and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladder grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse

Delighted,

Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
 Adam relating, the sole auditress:
 Her husband the relater she prefer'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her. (O when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?)
 With Goddess-like demeanor forth she went;
 Not unattended! for on her, as Queen,
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still;
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
 And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd,
 Benevolent, and facil thus reply'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n
 Is as the book of God before thee set;
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
 This to attain, whether heav'n move or earth,
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest,
 From man or Angel, the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal; and not divulge
 His secrets to be scan'd by them who ought
 Rather admire. Or, if they list to try
 Conjecture, He His fabric of the heav'ns
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter; when they come to model heav'n,
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield
 The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances; how gird the sphere

With

With centric and eccentric scribl'd o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy off-spring; and supposest,
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor heav'n such journies run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit. Consider first, that Great,
 Or Bright, infers not excellence: the earth
 Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,
 Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the sun, that barren shines;
 Whose virtue on it self works no effect,
 But in the fruitful earth: there first receiv'd,
 His beams (unactive else) their vigor find.
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to Thee, earth's habitant.
 And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak
 The Maker's high magnificence; who built
 So spacious, and his line stretcht out so far;
 That man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition; and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 (Though numberless) to His Omnipotence;
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,
 Who since the morning-hour set out from heav'n,
 Where God resides; and e'er mid-day arriv'd
 In Eden: distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name! but this I urge,
 Admitting motion in the heav'n's; to shew
 Invalid, that which thee to doubt it mov'd:
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem

To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
 God, to remove His ways from human sense,
 Plac'd heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high,
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun
 Be centre to the world; and other stars
 (By his attractive virtue, and their own,
 Incited) dance about him various rounds?
 Their wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In six thou seest: and what if sev'nth to these
 The planet Earth (so stedfast though she seem)
 Insensibly three different motions move?
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
 Or save the sun his labor, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
 Of day and night: which needs not thy belief,
 If earth, industrious of her self, fetch day
 Travelling east; and with her part averse
 From the sun's beam, meet night; her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
 (Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air)
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star,
 Inlightning her by day, as she by night
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
 Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
 Allotted there: and other suns perhaps,
 With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
 Communicating male and female light:
 Which two great sexes animate the world;
 Stor'd in each orb, perhaps, with some that live.

For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
 By living soul, desert and desolate,
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far 155
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not;
 Whether the sun, predominant in heav'n,
 Rise on the earth; or earth rise on the sun;
 He, from the east his flaming road begin;
 Or she, from west her silent course advance,
 With inoffensive pace (that spinning sleeps
 On her soft Axle, while she paces ev'n,
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along) 165
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
 Leave them to God above, Him serve and fear.
 Of other creatures, as Him pleases best,
 Where-ever plac'd, let Him dispose: joy thou 170
 In what He gives to Thee, this Paradise
 And thy fair Eve: Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise;
 Think only what concerns Thee, and thy Being;
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175
 Live, in what state, condition or degree;
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
 Not of earth only, but of highest heav'n,

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd. 180
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure
 Intelligence of heav'n, Angel serene!
 And freed from intricacies taught to live,
 The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
 God hath bid dwell far-off all anxious cares,
 And not molest us, unless we our selves 185

Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain,
 But apt the mind, or fancy, is to rove
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end:
 'Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime Wisdom: what is more, is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence; 195
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight; and speak of things at hand
 Useful, whence happy mention may arise 200
 Of something not unreasonable to ask,
 By suff'rance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.
 Thee I have heard relating what was done
 E'er my remembrance: now, hear me relate
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard: 205
 And day is yet not spent, 'till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate;
 Fond! were it not in hope of thy reply.
 For while I sit with Thee, I seem in heav'n, 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of Palm-tree (pleasantest to thirst,
 And hunger both, from labor) at the hour
 Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
 Tho' pleasant; but thy words with grace divine 215
 Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men!
 Nor tongue ineloquent: for God on Thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd, 220
 Inward

Inward and outward both, his image fair.
 Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee; and each word, each motion, forms.
 Nor less think we in heav'n of thee on earth,
 Than of our fellow-servant; and inquire
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man: 225
 For God we see hath honor'd Thee, and set
 On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;
 For I that day was absent, as befel,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell, 230
 Squar'd in full legion, (such command we had)
 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,
 Or enemy, while God was in His work,
 Lest He (incens'd at such eruption bold) 235
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
 Not that they durst without His leave attempt;
 But us He sends upon his high behests
 For state, as Sov'reign King; and to inure
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong!
 But long e'er our approaching heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song!
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage;
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light 245
 E'er Sabbath-ev'ning: so we had in charge.
 But thy relation now! for I attend,
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the God-like Pow'r, and thus our fire.
 For Man to tell how human life began 250
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induc'd me.—As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,

In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun 255
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Strait toward heav'n my wondring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky; 'till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams: by these,
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd: 265
 With fragrance, and with joy, my heart o'erflow'd.
 My self I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led.
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
 Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou sun said I, fair light!
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay!
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains! 275
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
 Tell (if ye saw) how came I thus, how here.
 Not of my self—By some Great Maker then,
 In goodness and in pow'r præeminent.
 Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore, 280
 From Whom I have that thus I move, and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light; when answer none return'd, 285
 On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs
 Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd
 My droused sense, untroubl'd (though I thought
 I then

I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve) 290
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy, to believe I yet had Being,
 And liv'd. One came, methought of shape divine, 295
 And said, "Thy mansion wants thee. Adam, rise
 "First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 "First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 "To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd."
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd; 300
 And over fields and waters, as in air,
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain:
 A circuit wide-inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs; that what I saw 305
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
 Tempting, stir'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes, all real, as the dream 310
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
 My wandring, had not He, who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence Divine! rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell 315
 Submits: He rear'd me, and "whom thou soughtst
 Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest [I am]
 "Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 "This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 "To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320
 "Of every tree that in the garden grows
 "Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 "But of the Tree whose operation brings
 "Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have set 325
 "The

"The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325
 "Amid the garden by the Tree of Life,
 "(Remember what I warn thee!) shun to taste,
 "And shun the bitter consequence; for know,
 "The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 "Transgress, inevitably thou shalt dye; 330
 "From that day mortal: and this happy state
 "Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 "Of woe and sorrow."—Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335
 Not to incur: but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 "Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 "To thee and to thy race I give: as Lords
 "Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
 "Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl;
 "In sign whereof, each bird, and beast, behold
 "After their kinds: I bring them to receive
 "From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 "With low subjection: understand the same 345
 "Of fish within their watry residence,
 "Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 "Their element to draw the thinner air."
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching, two and two; these, cowering low 350
 With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature (with such knowledge God indu'd
 My sudden apprehension!) but in these
 I found not what me thought I wanted still; 355
 And to the heav'nly Vision thus presum'd.

O by what name (for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpass'est

Surpassest far my naming) how may I
 Adore Thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to man? For whose well-being 360
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things. But with me
 I see not who partakes: in solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone?
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find? 365

Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air 370
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? They also know,
 And reason not contemptibly: with these
 Find I, and bear rule; thy realm is large. 375

So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering: I, with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend Thee, heav'nly Pow'r,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak! 380
 Hast Thou not made me here Thy substitute,
 And these inferior far beneath me set?
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385
 Giv'n and receiv'd: but in disparity
 (The one intense, the other still remiss)
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak

Such

Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
 All rational delight; wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort: they rejoyce
 Each with their kind, lion with lionels;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 395
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape:
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
 A nice and subtle happiness I see
 Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice 400
 Of thy associates, Adam; and wilt taste
 No pleasure (though in pleasure) solitary.
 What think'st thou then of Me, and this My state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
 Of happiness, or not, who am alone 405
 From all eternity? for none I know
 Second to Me, or like; equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse,
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To Me inferior, infinite descents 410
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain
 The height, and depth of Thy eternal ways,
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
 Thou in thy self art perfect, and in Thee 415
 Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,
 But in degree; the cause of his desire,
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that Thou
 Should'st propagate, already Infinite; 420
 And through all numbers absolute, though ONE.
 But Man by number is to manifest

G g

His

His single imperfection ; and beget
 Like of his like his image multiply'd ;
 In unity defective, which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amity. 425
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with Thy self accompany'd, seek'st not
 Social communication : yet, so pleas'd,
 Canst raise Thy creature, to what height Thou wilt
 Of union or communion, Deify'd : 431
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gain'd 433
 This answer from the gracious Voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd ;
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
 (Which thou hast rightly nam'd) but of thy self :
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440
 My Image, not imparted to the brute :
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,
 Good reason was thou freely shouldest dislike ;
 And be so minded still. I, e'er thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for man to be alone : 445
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee : for tryal only brought,
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet.
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
 Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by His heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' height 455

In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455
 (As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazzl'd and spent) sunk down, and sought repair.
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes He clos'd, but open left the cell 460
 Of fancy, my internal sight ; by which
 (Abstract as in a trance) methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before Whom awake I stood :
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh : wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd.
 The rib He form'd and fashion'd with His hands :
 Under His forming hands a creature grew 470
 Man-like, but different sex : so lovely fair !
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks ; which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before ; 475
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love, and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark ! I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure. 480
 When out of hope, behold her ! not far off ;
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow,
 To make her amiable : On she came,
 Led by her heav'nly Maker (though unseen) 485
 And guided by His voice ; nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites :
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love !
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490
 This

This turn hath made amends; Thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
 Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
 Of all Thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self 495
 Before me: woman is her name, of man
 Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought, 500
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable: or, to say all, 505
 Nature her self (though pure of sinful thought)
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd.
 I follow'd her; she what was honor knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd,
 My pleas'd reason.—To the nuptial bow'r 510
 I led her blushing like the morn: all heav'n,
 And happy constellations, on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence: the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill:
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales, and gentle airs 515
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting! till the amorous bird of night
 Sang spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp. 520

Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
 Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such 525

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change, 525
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
 Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch: here passion first I felt. 530
 Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmov'd; here only weak,
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain; 535
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough: at least, on her bestow'd
 Too much of ornament; in outward shew
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end 540
 Of nature, her th' inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel:
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both; and less expressing 545
 The character of that dominion giv'n
 O'er other creatures. Yet, when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in her self complete, so well to know
 Her own; that what she wills to do or say,
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best: 550
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shews:
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made 555
 Occasionally: and (to consummate all)
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard Angelic plac'd.

To

To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
 Of wisdom: she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh;
 By attributing over-much to things 565
 Less excellent, as thou thy self perceiv'st.
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing; thy honoring, and thy love;
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thy self; 570
 Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,
 Well manag'd: of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shews: 575
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more;
 So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
 Thy mate; who sees, when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight 580
 Beyond all other; think the same vouchsaf'd
 To cattel, and each beast; which would not be
 To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585
 What higher in her society thou findest
 Attractive, human, rational, love still:
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not;
 Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat 590
 In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
 By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend;
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd, Adam reply'd. 595
 Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor ought
 In procreation common to all kinds,
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words, and actions, mix'd with love,
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair, 605
 More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
 Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd;
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing; yet still free, 610
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not; for love thou say'st
 Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide;
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
 Love not the heav'nly spirits? And how their love 615
 Express they? By looks only? Or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel, (with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue)
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'st,
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence: and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars; 625
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix; union of pure with pure
 Desiring: nor restrain'd conveyance need,

As flesh to mix with flesh; or soul with soul.
 But I can now no more: the parting sun 630
 Beyond the earth's green Cape, and verdant isles,
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love! But, first of all,
 HIM, whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command: take heed lest passion sway 635
 Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
 Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware!
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the blest. Stand fast! to stand or fall 640
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies:
 Perfect within, no outward aid requires,
 And all temptation to transgress repell.

So saying, he arose: whom Adam thus 645
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part I
 Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,
 Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore!
 Gentle to me, and affable, hath been
 Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever
 With grateful memory: thou to mankind, 650
 Be good, and friendly still, and oft return!

So parted they, the Angel up to heav'n
 From the thick shade, and Adam to his bow'r.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE
 NINTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

H h

THE ARGUMENT

OF THE NINTH BOOK.

SATAN having compass'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forwarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

MILTON

MILTON'S

PARADISE LOST:

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk where God, or Angel-guest;
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast; permitting him the while
Venial discourse un-blam'd. I now must change 5
Those notes to tragic! Foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
And disobedience: on the part of heav'n
(Now alienated!) distance, and distaste.
Anger, and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n, 10
That brought into this world a world of woe;
Sin, and her shadow Death, and misery
Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument
Not less, but more, heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd 15
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall: or rage
Of

Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd.
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son:
 If answerable style I can obtain
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
 And dictates to me slumbring; or inspires
 Easie my unpremeditated verse:
 Since first this subject for Heroic Song
 Pleas'd me, long chusing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd; chief mast'ry to dissect
 With long and tedious havock fabled Knights
 In battels feign'd: (the better fortitude
 Of patience, and Heroic Martyrdom,
 Unsung) or to describe races, and games,
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons, and steeds;
 Bases, and tinseled trappings, gorgeous Knights
 At joust, and tournament; then marshal'd feast,
 Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneschals;
 The skill of artifice, or office, mean!
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name
 To person, or to poem. Me (of these
 Nor skill'd, nor studious) higher argument
 Remains; sufficient of itself to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
 Deprest; and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Heiperus, whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth (short arbiter

Twixt day and night) and now, from end to end,
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
 When Satan who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
 In meditated fraud, and malice, bent
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
 From compassing the earth; cautious of day,
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, decry'd
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim,
 That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
 The space of sev'n continu'd nights he rode
 With darkness; thrice the equinoctial Line
 He circled; four times cross'd the ear of Night
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
 On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
 From entrance, or Cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not (tho' sin, not time, first wrought the change)
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
 Into a gulph shot under-ground, 'till part
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life,
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose
 Satan, involv'd in rising mist; then sought
 Where to lie hid; for he had search'd, and land,
 From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
 Maeotis, up beyond the river Ob:
 Downward as far Antartic: and in Length,
 West from Orontes, to the ocean barr'd
 At Darien: thence, to the land where flows
 Ganges, and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep
 Consider'd every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
 The

The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,
 Him after long debate (irresolute
 Of thoughts revolv'd) his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtilty
 Proceeding; which in other beasts observ'd
 Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r,
 Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd;

O earth, how like to heav'n! if not prefer'd
 More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
 For what God after better, worse would build?
 Terrestrial heav'n, danc'd round by other heav'ns
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams
 Of sacred influence! As God in heav'n
 Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou
 Centring, receiv'st from all those orbs: in thee,
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
 Of creatures animate with gradual life,
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man!
 With what delight could I have walk'd the round,
 If I could joy in ought: sweet interchange
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains!
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
 Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
 Find place or refuge: and the more I see

Pleasures

Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries: all good to me becomes
 Bane; and in heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in heav'n
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme:
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound.
 For only in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made; all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
 In woe then! that destruction wide may range.
 To me shall be the glory sole among
 Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
 What he Almighty styl'd, six nights and days
 Continu'd making; and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving? though perhaps
 Not longer than since I, in one night, freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' Angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers. He, to be aveng'd,
 And to repair His numbers thus impair'd;
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
 More Angels to create (if they at least
 Are His created) or, to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
 (Exalted from so base original!)
 With heav'nly spoils; our spoils. What He decreed,
 He effected; Man He made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him Lord pronounc'd; and, O indignity!

Subjected

Subjected to his service Angel-wings,
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
 Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrap'd in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush, and brake, where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast; and mixt with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute;
 That to the height of Deity aspir'd!
 But what will not ambition, and revenge,
 Descend to? who aspires, must down as low,
 As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter e'er long back on it self recoils:
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd!
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy (this new favorite
 Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despise,
 Whom, us the more to spite, his maker rais'd
 From dust) spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight-search, where soonest he might find
 The serpent: him fast-sleeping soon he found,
 In labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd;
 His head the midst, well-stor'd with subtil wiles:
 Not yet in horrid shade, or dismal den,
 Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,
 Fearless un-fear'd he slept. In at his mouth
 The Devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,

(In heart, or head) possessing, soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential: but his sleep
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn
 In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
 From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
 And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
 Of creatures wanting voice: that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
 Then commune, how that day they best may ply
 Their growing work (for much their work out-grew
 The hands dispatch of two, gard'ning so wide)
 And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labor still to dress
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flow'r,
 Our pleasant task injoin'd; but 'till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labor grows
 Luxurious by restraint: what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:
 Let us divide our labors: thou, where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb: while I,
 In yonder spring of roses, intermix'd
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon.
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near

234 PARADISE LOST. BOOK IX.

Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on ; which intermits
Our day's-work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes un-earn'd. 225

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear !
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might best fulfil the work, which here 230
God hath assign'd us ; nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd : (for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.)
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235
Labor, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
(Food of the mind) or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food ; 240
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
The paths, and bow'rs, doubt not but our joint-hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide 245
As we need walk ; till younger hands e'er-long
Assist us. But, if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield :
(For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.) 250
But, other doubt possesses me ; lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me : for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255
By

BOOK IX. PARADISE LOST. 235

By fly assault : and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish, and best advantage, us asunder ;
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need : 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God ; or to disturb
Conjugal love ; than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more :
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side 265
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger, or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst indures.

To whom the virgin-majesty of Eve, 270
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Off-spring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's Lord !
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275
And from the parting Angel over-heard ;
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning flow'rs.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or Thee, because we have a foe 280
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we (not capable of death, or pain)
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear ; which pain infers 285
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith, and love,
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd ;
Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast,
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear ? To

To whom with healing words Adam reply'd. 290
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire;
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 Th' attempt it self, intended by our foe: 295
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperges
 The tempted with dishonor foul; suppos'd
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
 Against temptation. Thou thy self with scorn,
 And anger, would'st resent the offer'd wrong, 300
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
 If such affront I labor to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn:
 Subtile he needs must be, who could seduce
 Angels: nor think superfluous other aid.
 I, from the influence of Thy looks, receive 310
 Access in every virtue; in thy sight
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, (if need were
 Of outward strength) while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel 315
 When I am present, and the trial chuse
 With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic Adam in his care,
 And matrimonial love: but Eve, who thought 320
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe, Subtile

Subtile or violent, we not indu'd
 Single with like defence, where ever met; 325
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
 Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem 330
 Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns
 Foul on himself: then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
 By us? who rather double honor gain
 From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
 Favor from heav'n, our witness, from th' event. 335
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
 Let us not then suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single, or combin'd: 340
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.
 O woman! best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them: His creating hand 345
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left,
 Of all that he created; much less man,
 Or ought that might his happy state secure:
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lyes, yet lyes within his pow'r. 350
 Against his will he can receive no harm;
 But God left free the will; for what obeys
 Reason, is free; and reason he made right:
 But bid her well beware, and still erect;
 Left by some fair appearing good surpriz'd,
 She dictate false, and misinform the will 355
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
 That

That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me,
 Firm we subſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve,
 Since reaſon not impoſſible may meet
 Some ſpecious object, by the foe ſuborn'd;
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping ſtrictest watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better; and moſt likely, if from me
 Thou ſevere not; tryal will come unſought.
 Wouldſt thou approve thy conſtancy? approve
 Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
 Not ſeeing thee attempted? who atteſt?
 But if thou think, tryal unſought may find
 Us both ſecurer, than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt—
 Go! for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence! rely
 On what thou haſt of virtue; ſummon all:
 For God tow'rds thee hath done His part, do thine.

So ſpake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
 Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, reply'd.

With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarn'd,
 Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
 Touch'd only; that our tryal, when leaſt ſought,
 May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
 The willinger I go: not much expect
 A foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
 So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.

Thus ſaying, from her huſband's hand her hand
 Soft ſhe withdrew; and like a Wood-Nymph light
 Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
 Betook her to the groves: but Delia's ſelf
 In gait ſurpaſs'd, and Goddeſs-like deport;

Though

Though not, as ſhe, with bow and quiver arm'd; 390
 But with ſuch gard'ning-tools as art, yet rude,
 Guiltleſs of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
 To Pales, or Pomona thus adorn'd,
 Likeliſt ſhe ſeem'd, (Pomona, when ſhe fled
 Vertumnus) or to Ceres in her prime, 395
 Yet virgin of Proſerpina from Jove.
 Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
 Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay:
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return
 Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engag'd 400
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r;
 And all things in beſt order to invite
 Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's reſoſe.
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, (hapleſs Eve!)
 Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
 Thou never from that hour in Paradife
 Foundſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound reſoſe!
 Such ambuſh, laid among ſweet flow'rs, and ſhades,
 Waited with helliſh rancor imminent
 To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back 410
 Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs!—
 For now, and ſince firſt brake of dawn, the fiend,
 (Mere ſerpent in appearance) forth was come,
 And on his queſt, where likeliſt he might find
 The only two of mankind; but in them 415
 The whole included race, his purpoſ'd prey.
 In bow'r, and field he ſought, where any tuft
 Of grove, or garden-plot more pleaſant lay,
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight,
 By fountain, or by ſhady rivulet. 420
 He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
 Eve ſeparate; he wiſh'd, but not with hope
 Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd: when to his wiſh,
 Beyond his hope, Eve ſeparate he ſpies,
 Veil'd

Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, 425
 Half-spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round
 About her glow'd; half-stooping to support
 Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
 Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays 430
 Gently with myrtle-band; mindless the while
 Her self, though fairest unsupported flow'r,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh!
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm; 435
 Then voluble and bold; now hid, now seen,
 Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
 (Spot more delicious! than those gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd Adonis; or renown'd 440
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' Son;
 Or that, not mystic, where the Sapiient King
 Held dalliance with his fair Ægyptian spouse.)
 Much he the place admir'd, the person more:
 As one who long in populous city pent, 445
 Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages, and farms
 Adjoyn'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
 The smell of grain, or tedded grafs, or kine, 450
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance, with Nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold 455
 This flow'ry Plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early, thus alone: her heav'nly form
 Angelic, (but more soft, and feminine)
 Her graceful innocence, her every air 460

Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd 460
 His malice, and, with rapine sweet, bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
 That space the Evil One abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd,
 Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd, 465
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge:
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid-heav'n, soon ended his delight;
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon 470
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported, to forget
 What hither brought us! hate; not love, nor hope 475
 Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying; other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone 480
 The woman, opportune to all attempts!
 Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold, 485
 Foe not formidable! exempt from wound:
 I not: (so much hath hell debas'd, and pain
 Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n!)
 She fair, divinely fair! fit love for Gods;
 Not terrible: though terror be in love, 490
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate;
 Hate, stronger under shew of love well feign'd;
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

K k

So

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
 In serpent, inmate bad ! and toward Eve 495
 Address'd his way : not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since ; but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tow'rd
 Fold above fold, a surging maze ! His head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ; 500
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant : pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely ! Never since of serpent-kind
 Lovelier ; not those that in Illyria chang'd 505
 Hermione, and Cadmus ; or the God
 In Epidaurus : nor, to which transform'd
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen ;
 He, with Olympias ; This, with her who bore
 Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique 510
 At first, (as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt) side-long he works his way :
 As when a ship, by skilful steers-man wrought
 Nigh river's mouth, or fore-land, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail : 515
 So vary'd he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye : she busied, heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
 To such disport before her through the Field, 520
 From every beast ; more duteous at her call,
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood ;
 But as in gaze admiring : oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek-enamel'd neck, 525
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The eye of Eve, to mark his play ; he glad 530

Of her attention gain'd (with serpent-tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air) 530
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign Mistress ! if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder ; much less arm
 Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535
 Insatiate ; I thus single ; nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair !
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, 540
 With ravishment beheld ! there best beheld,
 Where universally admir'd : but here
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
 (Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in Thee is fair) one man except, 545
 Who sees thee ? and what is one ! who shouldst be seen
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd ;
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
 Though at the voice much marvelling : at length,
 Not un-amaz'd, she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean ? Language of man pronounc'd
 By tongue of brute, and human sense exprest ?
 The first, at least, of these I thought deny'd 555
 To beasts ; whom God, on their creation-day,
 Created mute to all articulate sound :
 The latter I demur ; for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
 Thee, serpent, subtil'st beast of all the field 560
 I

I knew, but not with human voice indu'd.
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute; and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
 Say! for such wonder claims attention due.

565

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd:
 Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd,
 What thou command'st; and right thou shouldst be
 I was at first as other beasts that graze 571
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food; nor ought but food discern'd,
 Or sex; and apprehended nothing high.
 Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd 575
 A goodly tree far-distant to behold,
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze,
 When from the boughs a savoury odor blown, 580
 Grateful to appetite! more pleas'd my sense
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
 Of ewe or goat, dropping with milk at ev'n,
 Unsuck'd of lamb, or kid, that tend their play.
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd 585
 Not to defer: hunger and thirst at once,
 Pow'ful persuaders! quicken'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me to keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
 (For, high from ground, the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach, or Adam's) round the tree 591
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung

Tempting

Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
 I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour
 As feed, or fountain, never had I found.
 Sated at length, e'er-long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward pow'rs; and speech 600
 Wanted not long; though to this shape retain'd.
 Thenceforth to speculations high, or deep,
 I turn'd my thoughts; and with capacious mind
 Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,
 Or earth, or middle; all things fair, and good: 605
 But all that fair, and good, in thy divine
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray,
 United I beheld: no fair to thine
 Equivalent, or second! which compell'd
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
 And gaze, and worship Thee, of right declar'd
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame!

So talk'd the spirited Sly Snake: and Eve,
 Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent! thy over-praising leaves in doubt 615
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd.
 But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
 For many are the trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various yet unknown
 To us, in such abundance lyes our choice, 620
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd:
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden nature of her birth.

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad. 625
 Empress! the way is ready, and not long;
 Beyond

Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh, and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

630

Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly rowl'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift: hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest: as when a wandring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends.)
Hovering, and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
Through bogs, and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe:
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

635

640

645

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excels:
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects!
But of this tree we may not taste, nor touch,
God so commanded; and lest that command
Sole daughter of His voice: the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

650

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd,
Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in earth, or air?

To

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the Garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.

660

She scarce had said, tho' brief, when now more bold
The tempter (but with shew of zeal, and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong)
New part puts on; and as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some Orator renown'd,
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd (since mute!) to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience, e'er the tongue;
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height up-grown,
The temper all im-passion'd thus began.

665

670

675

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy pow'r
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the threatner? Look on me,
Me! who have touch'd, and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast

680

685

690

Is

Is open? Or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
 Or death denounc'd (whatever thing death be) 695
 Deter'd not from atchieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
 Of good, how just? of evil, (if what is evil
 Be real) why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just: 700
 Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
 Your fear it self of death removes the fear,
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers: He knows that in the day 705
 You eat thereof, your eyes (that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim) shall perfectly be then
 Open'd and clear'd: and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both Good and Evil, as they know.
 That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
 Internal man, is but proportion meet:
 I of brute, human; ye of human, Gods.
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd 714
 Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring
 And what are Gods, that man may not become
 As they, participating God-like food?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds: 720
 I question it! for this fair earth I see,
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind;
 Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this tree,
 That whoe eats thereof, forthwith attains 725
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
 Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?
 What

What can your knowledge hurt Him, or this tree
 Impart against His will, if all be His?
 Or is it envy? And can envy dwell
 In heav'nly breasts? These, these, and many more 730
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit:
 Goddess human, reach then, and freely taste!

He ended, and his words, replete with guile,
 Into her heart too easy entrance won:
 Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold 735
 Might tempt alone: and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With reason (to her seeming) and with truth:
 Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
 So favoury of that fruit; which with desire,
 (Inclinable now grown to touch, or taste)
 Solicited her longing eye: yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits! 745
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd;
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy praise:
 Thy praise he also who forbids thy use, 750
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of knowledge; knowledge both of good and evil:
 Forbids us then to taste: but His forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want: 755
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain then, what forbids He but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 L 1

Such

Such prohibitions bind not.—But if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.—
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns;
Irrational till then. For us alone

Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?

For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.

What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,

Of God or Death, of law or penalty?

Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine!
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,

Of virtue to make wise! What hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk

The guilty serpent; and well might: for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else

Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true,

Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was God-head from her thought.

Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating Death. Sate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon

Thus to her self she pleasingly began,

O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest

To sapience! hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end

Created: but henceforth my early care,
(Not without song, each morning, and due praise)

Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all:

Till dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;

Taught others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here

Thus grown. Experience next, to thee I owe,
Best guide! not following thee, I had remain'd

In ignorance, thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret the retire.

And I perhaps am secret; heav'n is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct

Each thing on earth; and other care, perhaps,
May have diverted from continual watch

Our Great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him.—But, to Adam, in what sort

Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake

Full happiness with me? or rather not;
But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r,

Without co-partner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,

And render me more equal, and perhaps,
(A thing not undesirable) sometime

superior: for inferior, who is free?
This may be well.—But, what if God have seen,

And Death ensue? Then I shall be no more!
And Adam wedded to another Eve,

Shall live with her injoying, I extinct;

A death to think! Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths
I could indure; without him, live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the Pow'r
That dwelt within; whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant scintial sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown:
As reapers oft are wont their Harvest-Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd:
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faulting measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn, when first they parted. By the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasten'd; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy pretence; agony of love! till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, (what rash untry'd I sought)
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.

This Tree is not, as we are told, a Tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way; but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise,
(Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying)
Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become
Not dead, as we are threaten'd; but thenceforth
Indu'd with human voice, and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration; and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond: opener mine eyes,
Dim erst; dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for Thee
Chiefly I sought, without Thee can despise:
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
Tedious, unshar'd with Thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us; equal joy, as equal love:
Lest thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood, and blank; while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd:
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
Speechless he stood, and pale! till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
 Defac'd, deflowr'd, and now to death devote!
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance! how, to violate
 The sacred fruit forbidd'n! some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee! yet unknown;
 And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with Thee
 Certain my resolution is to die!
 How can I live without thee! how forego
 Thy sweet converse and love, so dearly join'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn!
 Should God create another Eve, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of Thee
 Would never from my heart! no, no! I feel
 The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Re-comforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd. 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve!
 And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,
 Had it been only coveting to eye
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence;
 Much more to taste it, under bann to touch. 925
 But past who can recall, or done undo?
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate: yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact

Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
 Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first 930
 Made common, and unhallow'd e'er our taste;
 Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,
 Higher degree of life; inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attain 935
 Proportional ascent; which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise!
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime creatures; dignify'd so high, 940
 Set over all his works; which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made: so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose;
 Not well conceiv'd of God: who (tho' his Pow'r 945
 Creation could repeat) yet would be loth
 Us to abolish; lest the Adversary
 Triumph and say; "Fickle their state whom God
 "Most favors! who can please him long? Me first
 "He ruin'd, now mankind: whom will he next?" 950
 Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the Foe.
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom: if Death
 Consort with Thee, Death is to me as life:
 So forcible within my heart, I feel 955
 The bond of nature draw me to my own;
 My own in Thee! for what thou art is mine:
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh; to lose Thee were to lose my self.

So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply'd. 960
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high,
 In-

Engaging me to emulate! but short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung; 965
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
 One heart, one soul in both! whereof good proof
 This day affords; declaring thee resolv'd,
 Rather than death, or ought than Death more dread,
 Shall separate us (link'd in love so dear!) 970
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 (If any be) of tasting this fair fruit:
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy tryal of thy love; which else 975
 So eminently never had been known.
 Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful love unequal'd: but I feel
 Far otherwise th' event, not Death, but life
 Augmented; open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys, 985
 Taste so divine! that what of sweet before
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
 On my experience Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of Death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
 Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love
 Had so innobl'd, as of choice t' incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough 995
 She gave him of that fair-inticing fruit,
 With

With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again 1000
 In pangs; and nature gave a second groan.
 Sky lowr'd, and mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
 Wept, at compleating of the mortal sin
 Original! while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate 1005
 Her former trespass fear'd; the more to sooth
 Him with her lov'd society: that now,
 (As with new wine intoxicated both)
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings, 1010
 Wherewith to scorn the earth. But that false fruit
 Far other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn: 1015
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part;
 Since to each meaning favor we apply,
 And palate call judicious: I the praise 1020
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting: if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd, 1025
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare:
 For never did thy beauty since the day
 I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
 With

With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee; fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous Tree!

So said he, and forbore not glance, or toy
Of amorous intent; well understood 1035
Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious fire,
Her hand he seiz'd and to a shady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof imbowl'd,
He led her nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040
And Hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's desport
Took largely; of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin: till dewy sleep 1044
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapor bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost pow'rs
Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
As from un-rest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd! Innocence, that (as a veil)
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone: 1056
Just confidence, and native righteousness
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty shame: he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more: so rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Sampson, from the harlot-lap 1060
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength: they, destitute, and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face

Confounded,

Confounded, long they sate, as stricken mute:
Till Adam, though no less than Eve abash'd, 1065
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O Eve! in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising: since our eyes 1070
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil; Good lost, and Evil got.
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075
Our wonted ornaments, now soil'd and stain'd!
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first
Before then.—How shall I behold the face 1080
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O, might I here 1085
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening! Cover me ye Pines!
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more! 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen:
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd, 1096
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So

So counsel'd he, and both together went
 Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose 1100
 The Fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd;
 But such as at this day (to Indians known
 In Malabar, or Decan) spreads her arms
 Branching so broad, and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow 1105
 About the mother tree; a pillar'd shade
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between;
 There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loopholes cut thro' thickest shade: those leaves
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe 1110
 And with what skill they had, together sow'd,
 To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide
 Their guilt, and dreaded shame! O, how unlike
 To that first naked glory! (such of late 1115
 Columbus found th' American, so girt
 With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild
 Among the trees, on isles, and woody shores.)
 Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120
 They sat them down to weep: nor only tears
 Rain'd at their eyes; but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind; calm region once, 1125
 And full of peace; now tost, and turbulent!
 For understanding rul'd not; and the will
 Heard not her lore; but in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd, 1130
 Superior sway; from thus distemper'd breast,
 Adam estrang'd in look and alter'd style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd,

Would

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange 1135
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possess'd thee! We had then
 Remain'd still happy; not, as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause t' approve 1140
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.

To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus Eve
 What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145
 Of wand'ring (as thou call'st it) which, who knows
 But, might as ill have happen'd thou being by;
 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,
 Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the Head, 1155
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger, as thou said'st?
 Too facil then, thou didst not much gainsay;
 Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou been firm, and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd Adam reply'd:
 Is this the love, is this the recompense
 Of mine to Thee, ingrateful Eve! exprest
 Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I; 1165
 Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss:
 Yet

Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee.
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,
 It seems, in my restraint! What could I more? 1170
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee; foretold
 The danger, and the lurking enemy
 That lay in wait; beyond this, had been force;
 And force upon free will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on; secure 1175
 Either to meet no danger, or to find
 Matter of glorious tryal: and perhaps
 I also err'd, in overmuch admiring
 What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
 No evil durst attempt thee: but I rue 1180
 That error now, which is become my crime;
 And thou th' accuser! Thus it shall befall
 Him, who to worth in women overtrusting,
 Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
 And left to herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse.—

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
 The fruitless hours; but neither self-condemning:
 And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

T H E

T E N T H B O O K

O F

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT

OF THE TENTH BOOK.

MAN's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolv'd to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

THE

M I L T O N:

PARADISE LOST:

I N

T W E L V E B O O K S.

B O O K X.

MEan-while the hainous and despiteful act
Of Satan, done in Paradise, and how
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heav'n: for what can scape the eye 5
Of God all-seeing, or deceive His heart
Omniscient? Who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd;
Complete to have discover'd, and repuls'd 10
Whatever wiles of foe, or seeming friend,
For still they knew, (and ought t'have still remember'd)
The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted: which they not obeying
(Incurr'd what could they less?) the penalty; 15
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.

N n

Up

Up into heav'n from Paradise in haste
 Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
 For man; for of his state by this they knew:
 Much wondring how the subtle fiend had stol'n
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From earth arriv'd at heaven-gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard: dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages; yet mix'd
 With pity, violated not their bliss.
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all beset: they towards the Throne Supreme
 Accountable made haste, to make appear
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance;
 And easily approv'd: when the Most High
 Eternal Father, from His secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus His voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd
 From unsuccessful charge! be not dismay'd,
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
 On his bad errand; man should be seduc'd,
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker: no decree of Mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall;
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free-will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fall'n he is: and now
 What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?
 Which he presumes already vain, and void,

50
 Because

Because not yet inflicted, (as he fear'd)
 By some immediate stroke: but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance, e'er day end.
 Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but Thee 55
 Vicegerent Son? To Thee I have transfer'd
 All judgment, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.
 Easy it might be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending Thee,
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60
 Both Ransom, and Redeemer, voluntary;
 And destin'd man Himself, to judge man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Tow'rd the right hand His Glory, on the Son
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity: He full 65
 Resplendent all His Father manifest
 Express'd and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father Eternal! Thine is to decree;
 Mine, both in heav'n and earth to do Thy will
 Supreme; that Thou in Me Thy Son belov'd 70
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
 On earth these Thy transgressors; but Thou know'st,
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on Me must light,
 When time shall be; for so I undertook
 Before thee: and not repenting, this obtain 75
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On Me deriv'd: yet I shall temper so
 Justice with Mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfy'd, and Thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none 80
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
 Those Two: the Third best absent is condemn'd;
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs. Thus

Thus saying, from His radiant seat He rose 85
 Of high collateral glory: Him Thrones, and Pow'rs,
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant,
 Accompany'd to heaven-gate: from whence
 Eden, and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended strait: (the speed of Gods 90
 Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.)
 Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon; and gentle airs, due at their hour,
 To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The ev'ning cool; when He, from wrath more cool,
 Came, the mild Judge, and Intercessor both, 96
 To sentence man: the voice of God they heard,
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declin'd: they heard,
 And from His presence hid themselves, among 100
 The thickest trees, both man and wife: till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far-off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd; thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
 Where obvious duty e'er-while appear'd unfought:
 Or come I less conspicuous? Or what change
 Absents thee? Or what chance detains? Come forth!

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, tho' first
 To offend; discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd: 110
 Love was not in their looks, either to God
 Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile:
 Whence Adam, fault'ring long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard Thee in the garden, and of Thy voice 116
 Afraid, being naked, hid my self.—To whom The

The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoic'd: how is it now become 120
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam, fore beset! reply'd.
 O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125
 Before my Judge, either to undergo
 My self the total crime; or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life:
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
 By my complaint. But strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint!
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd. Though should I hold my peace, yet Thou 136
 Wouldest easily detect what I conceal.—
 This Woman, whom Thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill: 140
 And what she did, whatever in it self,
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
 She gave me of the tree,—and I did eat!

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd.
 Was She thy God, that Her thou didst obey 145
 Before His voice? Or was She made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal; that to Her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee;
 And for thee; whose perfection far excell'd 150
 Hers,

Hers, in all real dignity? Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy love; not thy subjection: and her gifts
 Were such, as under government well-seem'd;
 Unseemly to bear rule: which was thy part,
 And person, hadst thou known thy self aright. 155

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
 Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon; yet not before her Judge 160
 Bold, or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.—
 The Serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat!

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment He proceeded on th' accus'd
 Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer 165
 The guilt on him, who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation; justly then accurst,
 As vitiated in nature. More to know
 Concern'd not man, (since he no further knew) 170
 Nor alter'd his offence: yet God at last
 To Satan, first in sin, his doom apply'd,
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst 175
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field:
 Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go;
 And dust shalt eat, all the days of thy life:
 Between thee, and the woman, I will put
 Enmity; and between thine and her seed: 180
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.
 So

So spake this oracle, then verify'd
 When Jesus son of Mary (second Eve)
 Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from heav'n,
 Prince of the air: then, rising from his grave, 185
 Spoil'd Principalities and Pow'rs, triumph'd
 In open shew; and, with ascension bright,
 Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;
 Whom He shall tread at last under our feet: 190
 Ev'n He who now foretold his fatal bruise;
 And to the woman thus His sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
 By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will 195
 Thine shall submit, he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd:
 Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which
 I charg'd thee, saying, thou shalt not eat thereof: 200
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake: thou in sorrow
 Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life:
 Thorns also, and thistles, it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field.
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 205
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, (know thy birth)
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd He man, both Judge and Saviour sent;
 And th' instant stroke of Death, denounc'd that day,
 Remov'd far off: then pitying how they stood 211
 Before him naked to the air, (that now
 Must suffer change) disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth

Thenceforth the form of servant to assume ;
 As when He wash'd His servants feet ; so now, 215
 As father of His family, He clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts ; or slain,
 Or (as the snake) with youthful coat repaid :
 And thought not much to cloath His enemies.
 Nor he their outward only, with the skins 220
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness (much more
 Opprobrious !) with his robe of righteousness
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
 To Him with swift ascent He up return'd,
 (Into his blisful bosom reassum'd 225
 In glory, as of old) to him appeas'd
 All (tho' all-knowing) what had past with man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while e'er thus was sin'd and judg'd on earth
 Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death, 230
 In counter view within the gates, that now
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
 Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
 Sin op'ning ; who thus now to Death began.

O son ! why sit we here each other viewing 235
 Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides
 For us his off-spring dear ? It cannot be
 But that success attends him : if mishap, 240
 E'er this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
 By his avengers, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
 Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me rise, 245
 Beyond this deep : whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connat'ral force,
 Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite

With

With secret amity, things of like kind ;
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my Shade
 Inseparable, must with me along : 250
 For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.
 But lest the difficulty of passing back
 Stay his return, perhaps, over this gulf
 Impassable, impervious ; let us try
 (Advent'rous work ! yet to thy pow'r, and mine, 255
 Not unagreeable) to found a path
 Over this Main, from hell to that new world,
 Where Satan now prevails ; a monument
 Of merit high, to all th' infernal host ;
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new-felt attraction, and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon.
 Go whither fate, and inclination strong 265
 Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading : such a scent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innumerable ! and taste
 The flavor of Death from all things there that live.
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
 Against the day of battel, to a field, 275
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
 With scent of living carcases, design'd
 For death the following day, in bloody fight :
 So scented the grim Feature, and up-turn'd
 His nostrils wide into the murky air, 280
 O o
 Sagacious

Sagacious of his Quarry from so far.
 Then both from out hell-gates, into the waste
 Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
 Flew divers; and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)
 Hovering upon the waters; what they met 285
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell:
 As when two Polar winds, blowing adverse
 Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290
 Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
 Beyond Petzora eastward, to the rich
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
 Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
 As with a trident smote; and fix'd as firm 295
 As Delos floating once: the rest, his look
 Bound with Gorgonian rigor, not to move:
 And with Asphaltic slime, (broad as the gate,
 Deep to the roots of hell) the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd; and the Mole immense wrought on,
 Over the foaming Deep high arch'd; a bridge, 301
 Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
 Immoveable of this now senceless world,
 Forfeit to Death. From hence, a passage broad,
 Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell. 305
 So (if great things to small may be compar'd)
 Xerxes, the Liberty of Greece to yoke,
 From Susa (his Memnonian palace high)
 Came to the sea; and over Hellespont
 Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd; 310
 And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
 Now had they brought the work, by wondrous art
 Pontifical (a ridge or pendent rock
 Over the vex'd Abyss, following the track
 Of Satan) to the self-same place where he

First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
 From out of Chaos to the outside bare
 Of this round world: with pins of adamant
 And chains they made all fast; too fast they made,
 And durable! And now, in little space, 320
 The confines met of empyrean heav'n,
 And of this world; and on the left hand, hell,
 With long reach interpos'd: three sev'ral ways
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now their way to earth they had descri'd, 325
 To Paradise first tending; when, behold!
 Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
 His Zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
 Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear 330
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
 He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
 Into the wood fast by; and changing shape
 T' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By Eve (though all unweeting) seconded 335
 Upon her husband: saw their shame, that sought
 Vain covertures: but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
 He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present; fearing guilty what his wrath 340
 Might suddenly inflict: that past, return'd
 By night, and listening where the hapless Pair
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gather'd his own doom: which understood
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
 And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd:
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop'd
 Met, who to meet him came, his off-spring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight, 350
 Of that stupendous bridge, his joy increas'd.

Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Inchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O parent! these are thy magnific deeds;
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;
Thou art their author, and prime architect. 356
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd
(My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet!)
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but strait I felt 361
(Though distant from the worlds between, yet felt)
That I must after thee, with this thy son:
Such fatal consequence unites us three!
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds; 365
Nor this unvoyageable gulf-obscure,
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within hell gates till now: Thou us impower'd 370
To fortify thus far, and over-lay
With this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not: thy wisdom gain'd,
With odds what war hath lost: and fully aveng'd
Our foil in heav'n: here thou shalt Monarch reign;
There didst not: there let Him still victor sway, 376
As battel hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by His own doom alienated:
And henceforth Monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by th' empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;
Or try thee, now more dang'rous to His throne.
Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both! 385
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of

Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of heav'n's Almighty King)
Amplify have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that, so near heav'n's door,
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious work; and made one realm
Hell and this world (our realm) one Continent
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate pow'rs, them to acquaint 395
With these successes, and with them rejoice;
You two this way, among these numerous orbs
(All yours!) right down to Paradise descend:
There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the earth 400
Dominion exercise, and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd:
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I lend ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might 405
Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends;
Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear; go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed 410
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane: the blasted stars look'd wan,
And Planets, Planet-struck, real Eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down 415
The cauley to hell gate: on either side,
Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation. Through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd, And

And all about found desolate: for those
 Appointed to sit there had left their charge, 420
 Flown to the upper world: the rest were all
 Far to th' in-land retir'd, about the walls
 Of Pandæmonium, city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer (so by allusion call'd, 425
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd)
 There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
 In council sat, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their Emperor sent: so he
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
 By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
 Retires: or Bactrian Sophy from the Horns
 Of Turkish Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435
 To Taurus, or Casbeen: so these (the late
 Heav'n-banish'd host) left desert utmost hell
 Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
 Round their Metropolis; and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search 440
 Of foreign worlds: he through the midst-unmark'd,
 In shew Plebeian Angel militant
 Of lowest Order, pass; and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
 Ascended his high throne; which under state 445
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
 Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a-while
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen.
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head,
 And shape star-bright, appear'd, (or brighter, clad 450
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter:) all amaz'd
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Their

Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim! 455
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,
 Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy
 Congratulant approach'd him; who with hand
 Silence, and with these words attention, won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
 For in possession such, not only of right, 460
 I call ye and declare ye now; return'd
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit
 Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465
 And dungeon of our tyrant! now possess,
 As Lords, a spacious world, t' our native heav'n
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard
 With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 470
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
 Of horrible confusion! over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd,
 To expedite your glorious march: but I
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475
 Th' untractable Abyss, plung'd in the womb
 Of unoriginal night, and Chaos wild:
 That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
 Protesting fate supreme: thence, how I found 480
 The new-created world, which fame in heav'n
 Long had foretold; a fabric wonderful!
 Of absolute perfection: therein Man,
 Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
 Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd 485
 From his Creator; and, the more t' increase
 Your wonder, with an apple: He thereat
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up

Both

Both his beloved Man, and all his world,
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to Us, 490
 Without our hazard, labor, or alarm;
 To range in, and to dwell, and over man
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
 True is, me also he hath judg'd (or rather
 Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape 495
 Man I deceiv'd) that which to me belongs,
 Is enmity, which He will put between
 Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
 His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head.
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss?—

So having said, a-while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout, and high applause 505
 To fill his ear; when contrary, he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn: he wonder'd, but not long
 Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more: 510
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
 His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell;
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant; but in vain! a greater pow'r 515
 Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
 According to his doom. He would have spoke;
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue,
 To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories 520
 To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
 With

With complicated monsters head and tail;
 Scorpion, and Asp. and Amphibæna dire,
 Ceraustes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525
 And Dipſas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
 Bedrop'd with blood of Gorgon; or the isle
 Ophiusa) but still greatest he the midst,
 Now Dragon grown; larger than whom the sun
 Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
 Huge Python! and his pow'r no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain: they all
 Him follow'd, issuing forth to th' open field;
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array, 535
 Sublime with expectation, when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief.
 They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd
 Of ugly serpents: horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy: for what they saw, 540
 They felt themselves, now changing: down their arms,
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast:
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catch'd by contagion; like in punishment,
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant, 546
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
 (His Will, Who reigns above!) to aggravate 550
 Their patience, laden with fruit, like that
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
 Us'd by the tempter: on that prospect strange
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd; imagining
 For one Forbidden Tree, a multitude
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame: 555
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst, and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain:
 But

But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
 Climbing, fat thicker than the snaky locks
 That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd 560
 The fruitage fair to fight (like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd:
 This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceiv'd) they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565
 Chew'd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining; drug'd as oft
 With hatefulest disrelish, writh'd their jaws,
 With soot and cinders fill'd: so, oft they fell 570
 Into the same illusion; not as man, [plagu'd
 Whom they triumph'd, once laps'd. Thus were they
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd:
 Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.
 However, some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen, of their purchase got, 580
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd
 Ophion, with Eurynome (the wide
 Encroaching Eve perhaps) had first the rule
 Of high Olympus; thence by Saturn driv'n,
 And Ops, e'er yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair 585
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin, there in pow'r before,
 Once actual; now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death,
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began. 590

Second

Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death!
 What think'st thou of our empire now? Tho' earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far,
 Than still at hell's dark threshold t' have sat watch,
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd? 595

Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon:
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n;
 There best, where most with ravine I may meet:
 Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems 600
 To stuff this maw, this vast un-hid-bound corps.

To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd:
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs
 Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;
 No homely morsels! and whatever thing 605
 The scythe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd:
 Till I in man residing, through the race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect;
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610
 Both to destroy, or un-immortal make
 All kinds; and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later: which th' Almighty seeing,
 From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
 To those bright Orders utter'd thus His voice. 615

See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
 To waste and havock yonder world, which I
 So fair and good created: and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
 Let in these wasteful Furies; who impute 620
 Folly to me: so doth the Prince of hell,
 And

And his adherents, that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
 To gratifie my scornful enemies,
 That laugh, as if (transported with some fit
 Of passion) I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their mis-rule:
 And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,
 My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff, and filth, 630
 Which man's polluting sin with taint had shed
 On what was pure: till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh
 With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling [burst,
 Of Thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son! 634
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave, at last
 Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
 Then, heav'n and earth renew'd, shall be made pure
 To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:
 Till then, the curse pronounc'd on both precedes. 640

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
 Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung! "Just are Thy ways,
 "Righteous are Thy Decrees on all Thy works;
 "Who can extenuate Thee? next, to the Son, 645
 "Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
 "New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise;
 "Or down from heav'n descend." Such was their song,
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650
 As sort'd best with present things. The sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the earth with cold, and heat,
 Scarce tollerable; and from the north to call
 Decrepid Winter; from the south to bring 655

Solstitial

Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon
 Her office they prescrib'd; to th' other Five,
 Their planetary motions, and aspects,
 In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,
 Of noxious efficacy; and when to join 660
 In synod unbenign: and taught the Fix'd
 Their influence malignant when to show'r;
 Which of them, rising with the sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
 Their corners; when with bluster to confound 665
 Sea, air, and shore: the thunder, when to roll
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.

Some say, He bid His Angels turn ascant
 The Poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
 From the sun's axle; they with labor push'd 670
 Oblique the centric globe: some say the sun
 Was bid turn reins from th' Æquinoctial road
 Like distant breadth to Taurus, with the sev'n
 Atlantic sisters, and the Spartan twins,
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence, down amain 675
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
 Of seasons to each clime: else had the spring
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernal flow'rs,
 Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
 Beyond the Polar circles: to them day
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
 To recompense his distance, in their sight
 Had rounded still th' Horizon, and not known
 Or east or west; which had forbid the snow 685
 From cold Estotiland; and south as far
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
 The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
 His course intended; else how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now 690

Avoided

Avoided pinching cold, and scorching heat?
 These changes in the heav'ns (though slow) produc'd
 Like change on sea, and land; sidereal blast,
 Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot;
 Corrupt, and pestilent! Now from the north 695
 Of Norumbeque, and the Samoed shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
 And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas up-turn: 700
 With adverse blast up turns them from the south
 Notus, and Afer, black with thundrous clouds
 From Sierra Liona: thwart of these, as fierce,
 Forth rush the Levant, and the Ponent winds,
 Eurus, and Zephyr; with their lateral noise, 705
 Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things: but discord first
 (Daughter of Sin) among th' irrational
 Death introduc'd, through fierce antipathy:
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl, 710
 And fish with fish: to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw 715
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd: but worse felt within!
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy! is this the end
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late
 The glory of that glory, who now become
 Accurs'd of blessed? Hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height

Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
 The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear 725
 My own deservings; but this will not serve!
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, "Increase and multiply;" 730
 Now death to hear! For what can I increase,
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head? ill fate our ancestor impure! 735
 For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks
 Shall be the execration: so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound:
 On me, as on their natural centre, light: 740
 Heavy, though in their place! O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise dear bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay,
 To mold me man? Did I solicit Thee
 From darkness to promote me? Or here place 745
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my Being, it were but right,
 And equal, to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign, and render back
 All I receiv'd; unable to perform 750
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty! why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems.—Yet, to say truth, too late, 755
 I thus contest: then should have been refus'd
 These terms, whatever, when they were propos'd:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? And though God
 Made

Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not!
 Wouldst thou admit, for his contempt of thee,
 That proud excuse? Yet him, not thy election,
 But natural necessity, begot. 765
 God made thee of choice His own, and of His own
 To serve Him; thy reward was of his grace;
 Thy punishment then justly is at His Will.
 Be it so! for I submit; His doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
 O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
 His hand to execute, what His decree
 Fix'd on this day? Why do I over-live?
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet 775
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! How glad would lay me down,
 As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
 And sleep secure: His dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse 780
 To me, and to my off-spring, would torment me
 With cruel expectation.—Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest All I cannot die;
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785
 With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd: what dies, but what had life, 790
 And sin? The body properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die; let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of All be infinite,

Is his wrath also? Be it! Man is not so, 795
 But mortal doom'd. How can He exercise
 Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?
 Can He make deathless death? That were to make
 Strange, contradiction, which to God Himself
 Impossible is held; as argument 800
 Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will He draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
 In punish'd man, to satisfy His rigor,
 Satisfy'd never? That were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law: 805
 By which all causes else, according still
 To the reception of their matter, act;
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
 That Death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense: but endless misery 810
 From this day onward; which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity—Ah me! That fear
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenseless head: both Death and I 815
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both.
 Nor I on my part single; in me all
 Posterity stands curst! Fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able 820
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited, how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed, 825
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? How can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain

And reasonings (tho' thro' mazes) lead me still 830
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due:
 So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden, heavier than the earth to bear; 835
 Than all the world much heavier; though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge; and concludes thee miserable,
 Beyond all past example, and future: 840
 To Satan only like, both crime and doom.
 O Conscience! into what Abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me? Out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud, 845
 Through the still night; not now (as e'er man fell)
 Wholsome, and cool, and mild; but with black air
 Accompany'd; with damps and dreadful gloom;
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror. On the ground 850
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground! and oft
 Curs'd his creation: Death as oft accus'd
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
 (Said he) with one thrice acceptable stroke 855
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word?
 Justice Divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at call, Justice Divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs, or cries!
 O woods, O fountains, hills, rocks, dales, and bow'rs! 860
 With other echo late I taught your shades
 To answer, and resound far other song!—
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,

Desolate

Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou serpent!—That name best
 B fits thee, with him leagu'd; thy self as false
 And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, and color serpentine, may shew 870
 Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee
 Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended
 To hellish falshood, snare them! But for thee
 I had persisted happy; had not thy pride
 And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,
 Though by the devil himself; him overweening
 To over-reach: but with the serpent meeting,
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee 880
 To trust thee from my side; imagin'd wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a shew,
 Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib,
 Crooked by nature, bent (as now appears) 885
 More to the part sinister from me drawn;
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found! O! why did God,
 Creator wise! that peopl'd highest heav'n 890
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature? And not fill the world at once
 With men, as Angels, without feminine?
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n, 895
 And more that shall befall: innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through femal shares,
 And

And strait conjunction with this sex : for either
 He never shall find out fit mate ; but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ; 900
 Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness ; but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse : or if the love, with-held
 By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet ; already link'd, and wedlock-bound 905
 To a fell adversary, his hate, or shame ;
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound !

He added not, and from her turn'd.—But Eve
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing 910
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble ; and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

For sake me not thus, Adam ! Witness heav'n
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd ! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not
 (Whereon I live !) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress, 920
 My only strength, and stay ! Forlorn of Thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
 While yet we live, (scarce one short hour perhaps)
 Between us two let there be peace ; both joining 925
 (As join'd injuries) one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel serpent ! On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n ;
 On me already lost ! Me, than thy self
 More miserable ! Both have sinn'd ; but thou 930
 Against

Against God only ; I against God, and thee :
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune heav'n ; that all
 The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
 On me ; sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935
 Me, me, only just object of his ire !

She ended weeping ; and her lowly plight
 Immoveable, till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd, and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration : soon his heart relented 940
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress !
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, (whom she had displeas'd) his aid !
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost ; 945
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous (as before,
 So now) of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thy self ! Alas !
 Bear thine own first ; ill able to sustain 950
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part ;
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee : and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited, 955
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n ;
 To Me committed, and by Me expos'd.
 But rise ; let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other ; blam'd enough elsewhere ! But strive
 In offices of love, how we may light'n 960
 Each other's burthen, in our share of woe :
 Since this day's death denounc'd (if ought I see)
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd, evil ;

A long day's dying to augment our pain :
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd. 965

To whom thus Eve, recov'ring heart, reply'd.
Adam, by sad experiment, I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous; thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
Restor'd by thee, (vile as I am!) to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love (the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying) from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n: 975
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980
By Death at last, (and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this curld world a woeful race;
That after wretched life must be at last 985
Food for so foul a monster:) in thy pow'r
It lies yet, e'er conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to Being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death 990
Shall be deceiv'd his glut; and with us two
Be forc'd to satisfy his rav'nous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet, 995
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire (which would be misery,

And

And torment, less than none of what we dread)
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000
Let us seek death: or he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on our selves.
Way stand we longer shivering under fears,
That shew no end but death; and have the pow'r
Of many ways to die, the shortest chusing, 1005
Destruction with destruction to destroy?—

She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest: so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd; and thus to Eve reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life, and pleasure, seems
To argue in thee something more sublime,
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns. 1015
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee: and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish, and regret
For loss of life, and pleasure, over-lov'd.
Or if thou covet Death, as utmost end 1020
Of misery; so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd; doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestall'd: much more I fear, lest Death,
So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain 1025
We are by doom to pay. Rather, such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest.
To make death in us live! Then, let us seek
Some safer resolution; which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
Part

Part of our sentence, that "thy seed shall bruise
 "The Serpent's head:" Piteous amends! unless
 Be meant (whom I conjecture) our grand foe,
 Satan: who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit. To crush his head 1035
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on our selves; or childless days
 Resolv'd, as thou propos'st: so, our foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd; and we
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040

No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against our selves; and wilful barrenness
 That cuts us off from hope; and favors only
 Rancor, and pride, impatience, and despite,
 Reluctance against God, and His just yoke 1045
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper He both heard, and judg'd
 Without wrath, or reviling: we expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by Death that day; when lo! to thee 1050
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth; soon recompens'd with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the ground; with labor I must earn
 My bread: what harm? Idleness had been worse: 1055
 My labor will sustain me: and least cold,
 Or heat, should injure us, His timely care
 Hath, unbefought, provided; and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthy; pitying while he judg'd!
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline?
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail and snow;
 Which now the sky, with various face, begins
 To shew us in this mountain; while the winds 1065
 Blow

Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair-spreading trees; which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth, to cherish
 Our limbs benumm'd; e'er this diurnal star 1065
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment;
 Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
 The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
 Jostling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock
 Tine the flant lightning; whose thwart flame driv'n
 Kindles the gummy bark of Fir, and Pines; [down,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far, 1077
 Which might supply the sun. Such fire to use,
 And what may else be remedy, or cure
 To evils, which our own misdeeds have wrought;
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace 1081
 Beseeching Him. So as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By Him with many comforts; till we end
 In dust, our final rest, and native home! 1085
 What better can we do, than to the place
 Repairing where He judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before Him reverent; and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears
 Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
 Undoubtedly He will relent, and turn
 From His displeasure: in whose look serene,
 When angry most He seem'd, and most severe, 1095
 What else but favor, grace and mercy shone?

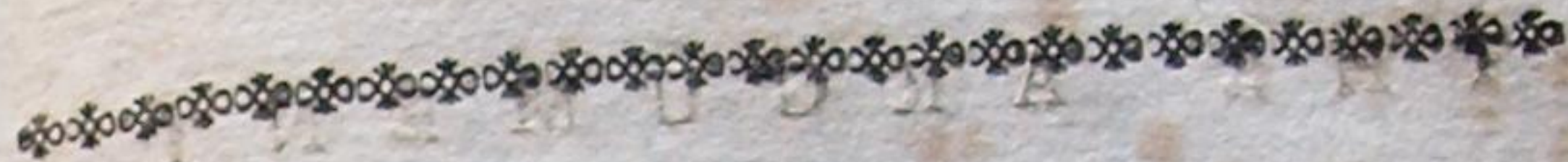
So spake our father penitent: nor Eve
 Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place
 Repairing where He judg'd them, prostrate fell
 R r Before

Before Him reverent; and both confess'd
Humbly their faults; and pardon begg'd; with tears
Wat'ring the ground; and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite; in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

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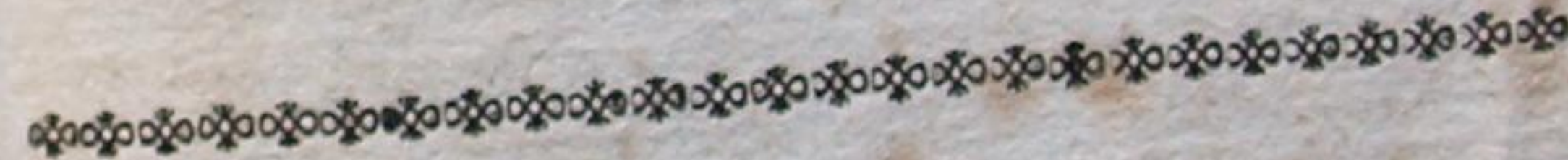
THE



OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK

ELEVENTH BOOK

PARADISE LOST.



THE

THE ARGUMENT
OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubims to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

MILTON'S

MILTON'S
PARADISE LOST:
IN
TWELVE BOOKS.

BOOK XI.

THUS they, in lowliest plight! repentant stood
Praying; for, from the mercy-seat above,
Prevenient grace descending, had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breath'd 5
Unutterable, which the spirit of pray'r
Inspir'd, and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory. Yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' antient Pair 10
In fables old (less antient yet than these)
Deucalion, and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To heav'n their pray'rs
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15
Blown

Blown vagabond, or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless thro' heav'nly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their Great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son 20
Pretending, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From Thy implanted grace in man! these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I Thy Priest before Thee bring: 25
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from Thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which (his own hand manuring) all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd, e'er fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore, bend Thine ear 30
To supplication; hear his sighs though mute!
Unskilful with what words to pray, let Me
Interpret for him; Me, his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on Me,
Good or not good, ingraft: My merit those 35
Shall perfect; and for these, My death shall pay.
Accept Me; and in Me, from these receive
The smell of peace tow'rd mankind: let him live
Before Thee reconcil'd, (at least his days
Number'd) tho' sad; till Death (his doom, which I 40
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him; where with Me
All My Redem'd may dwell, in joy, and bliss;
Made one with Me, as I with Thee am One.

To Whom the Father, without cloud serene. 45
All Thy request for man, Accepted Son!
Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell, The

The law I gave to nature him forbids.
Those pure immortal elements, that know 50
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,
(As a distemper) gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food; as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first 55
Distemper'd all things; and of incorrupt,
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with Happiness,
And Immortality: that, fondly lost;
This other, serv'd but to eternize woe; 60
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
His final remedy: and after life
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith, and faithful works; to second life,
(Wak'd in the renovation of the just) 65
Reigns him up, with heav'n and earth renew'd.
But let U S call to synod all the Blest,
Thro' heav'n's wide bounds: from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed;
As how with peccant Angels late they saw; 70
And in their state, tho' firm, stood more confirm'd.
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright Minister that watch'd: he blew
His trumpet (heard in Oreb since, perhaps,
When God descended; and, perhaps, once more 75
To sound a general doom.) Th' Angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bow'rs
Of Amarantin shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of Life, where e'er they sat 80
In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high;
And took their seats: till from His Throne supreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd His Sov'reign Will. O

O Sons ! like one of Us man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste
 Of that defended fruit : but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got ;
 Happier ! had it suffic'd him to have known
 Good by it self, and evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite ;
 My motions in him : longer than they move,
 His heart I know how variable, and vain,
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, (dream at least to live
 For ever) to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth, to till
 The ground whence he was taken ; fitter soil !
 Michael, this My behest have thou in charge !
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming warriors ; lest the fiend,
 (Or in behalf of man, or to invade
 Vacant possession,) some new trouble raise.
 Hasten thee ! and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair ;
 From hallow'd ground th' unholy : and denounce
 To them, and to their progeny, from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint,
 At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
 (For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
 Bewailing their excels) all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten : intermix
 My cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd :
 So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace.
 And on the east-side of the garden place,

Where

(Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs)
 Cherubic watch ; and of a sword the flame
 Wide-waving ; all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life :
 Lest Paradise, a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul, and all My trees their prey ;
 With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude. 125

He ceas'd ; and th' Arch-Angelic Pow'r prepar'd
 For swift descent : with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim : four faces each
 Had, like a double Janus ; all their shape
 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drouze,
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean-while,
 To re-salute the world with sacred light
 Leucothea wak'd ; and with fresh dews imbalm'd
 The earth ; when Adam, and first matron Eve,
 Had ended now their orisons ; and found
 Strength added from above ; new hope to spring
 Out of despair ; joy, but with fear yet link'd :
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd. 140

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
 The good which we enjoy, from heav'n descends :
 But, that from us ought should ascend to heav'n,
 So prevalent, as to concern the mind
 Of God High-Blest ; or, to incline His Will ;
 Hard to belief may seem : yet, this will pray'r,
 Or one short sigh of human breath, up-born
 Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
 By pray'r th' offended Deity t' appease ;
 Kneel'd, and before Him humbl'd all my heart ;
 Methought I saw Him placable, and mild,

S s

Bending

Bending His ear: persuasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favor; peace return'd
 Home to my breast; and to my memory
 His promise, that "thy seed shall bruise our foe:" 155
 Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of Death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence, hail to Thee!
 Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all things living, since by Thee 160
 Man is to live; and all things live for man!

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanor meek:
 Ill worthy I, such title should belong
 To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy snare: to me reproach 165
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise!
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
 That I, who first brought Death on all, am grac'd
 The source of life: next favourable Thou;
 Who highly thus t' intitle me vouchsaf'st: 170
 Far other name deserving! But the field
 To labor calls us, now with sweat impos'd,
 Though after sleepless night: for see! the morn,
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth; 175
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where-e'er our days work lies; though now enjoin'd
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content! 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd Eve; but Fate
 Subscrib'd not: nature first gave signs, impress'd
 On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclips'd,
 After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight, The

The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour, 185
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
 (First hunter then) pursu'd a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
 Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
 Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chace
 Pursuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake.

O Eve! some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which heav'n, by these mute signs in nature, shews
 Forerunners of His purpose: or to warn 195
 Us, haply too secure, of our discharge
 From penalty, because from Death releas'd
 Some days: how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows? Or more than this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more? 200
 Why else this double object in our sight,
 Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
 One way the self-same hour? Why in the east
 Darkness e'er day's mid-course? And morning-light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white;
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now 210
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt:
 A glorious apparition! had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
 Not that more glorious; when the Angels met
 Jacob, in Mahanaim; where he saw
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright: 215
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd
 In Dothan; cover'd with a camp of fire,
 Against

Against the Syrian King ; who to surprize
 One man, assassin like, had levy'd war ;
 War unproclaim'd. The Princely Hierarch 220
 In their bright stand there left his Pow'rs, to seize
 Possession of the garden : he alone,
 To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way ;
 Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake 225

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine : or impose
 New laws to be observ'd : for I descry,
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
 One of the heav'nly host ; and by his gait 230
 None of the meanest : some great Potentate,
 Or of the Thrones above ; such majesty
 Invests him coming ! yet not terrible,
 That I should fear ; nor sociably mild,
 As Raphael, that I should much confide ; 235
 But solemn and sublime : whom not t' offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended ; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh ;
 Not in his shape cœlestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man : over his lucid arms 240
 A military vest of purple flow'd ;
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old
 In time of truce ; Iris had dipp'd the wooff :
 His starry helm unbuckl'd, shew'd him prime 245
 In manhood, where youth ended : by his side
 (As in a glist'ring Zodiac) hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread ; and in his hand the spear.
 Adam bow'd low : he, Kingly, from his state
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250
 Adam !

Adam ! heav'n's high behest no preface needs :
 Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
 (Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress)
 Defeated of his seizure many days,
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent, 255
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover : well may then thy Lord, pleas'd,
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim.
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not : to remove thee I am come, 260
 And send thee from the garden forth, to till
 The ground whence thou wast taken, siter soil !

He added not ; for Adam at the news
 Heart struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound ! Eve, who unseen 265
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270
 Fit haunt of Gods ? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both ! O flow'rs,
 That never will in other climate grow ;
 My early visitation, and my last 275
 At ev'n, which I breed up with tender hand
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names !
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount ?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd 280
 With what to sight or smell was sweet ! from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world ; to this obscure,

And

And wild; How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits? 285

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost: nor set thy heart
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound:
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recov'ring, and his scatter'd spirits return'd:
To Michael thus his humble words address'd. 295

Cœlestial! whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes! Gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us: what besides 300
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place (our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes!) all places else 305
Inhospitable appear, and desolate;
Nor knowing us, nor known. And if by pray'r
Incessant, I could hope to change the will
Of Him Who all things can, I would not cease 310
To weary Him with my assiduous cries.
But pray'r against His absolute decree
No more avails, than breath against the wind;
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit!
This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315
As

As from His face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance! Here I could frequent
With worship, place by place, where He vouchsaf'd
Presence Divine; and to my sons relate;
"On this mount He appear'd; under this tree 320
"Stood visible; among these pines His voice
"I heard; here with Him at this fountain talk'd."
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf; and pile up every stone
Of lustre, from the brook; in memory; 325
Or monument to ages: and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330
To life prolong'd, and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold, though but his utmost skirts
Of glory; and far-off His steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam! thou know'st heav'n His, and all the earth;
Not this rock only; His Omnipresence fills 336
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by His virtual pow'r, and warm'd.
All th' earth He gave thee to possess, and rule;
No despicable gift! surmise not then 340
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy Capital Seat, from whence had spread
All generations; and had thither come 345
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this præ-eminence thou hast lost; brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons.
Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain, God

God is as here; and will be found alike 350
 Present; and of His presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness, and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.
 Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd 355
 E'er thou from hence depart; know, I am sent
 To shew thee what shall come in future days
 To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad
 Expect to hear; supernal grace contending 360
 With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
 True patience; and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow; equally inur'd
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead 365
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd indure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
 Here sleep below; while thou to foresight wak'st;
 As once thou slept'st, whilst she to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd. 370
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide! the path
 Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of heav'n submit,
 However chaf'ning! to the evil, turn
 My obvious breast; arming to overcome
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won; 375
 If so I may attain!—So both ascend,
 In the visions of God. It was a hill,
 Of Paradise the highest; from whose top
 The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
 Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
 Not high'r that hill, nor wider looking round,
 Whereon (for different cause) the tempter set
 Our Second Adam, in the wilderness;

To

To shew Him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.
 His eye might there command wherever flood 385
 City, of old or modern fame; the seat
 Of mightiest empire: from the destin'd walls
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Cham;
 And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne;
 To Pekin, of Sinæan Kings: and thence 390
 To Agra, and Lahor, of great Mogul;
 Down to the golden Chersonese: or where
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat; or since
 In Hispahan: or, where the Russian Ksar
 In Moscow; or the Sultan in Bizance; 395
 Turchestan-born: nor could his eye not ken
 Th' empire of Negus, to his utmost Port
 Ercoco; and the less maritime Kings,
 Monbaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 And Sofala (thought Ophir) to the realm 400
 Of Congo, and Angola, farthest south:
 Or thence, from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
 The Kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez, add Sus,
 Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen:
 Or Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway 405
 The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 Of Atabalipa: and yet unspoil'd 410
 Guiana; whose great city Geryon's sons
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights,
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
 Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
 Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasy and Rue 415
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.
 So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierc'd
 (Ev'n to the inmost seat of mental sight) That

T t

That Adam, now inforc'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became intrans'd: 420
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes; and first behold
Th' effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee; who never touch'd 425
Th' excepted tree; nor with the snake conspir'd;
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth; whereon were sheaves 430
New reap'd: the other part, sheep-walks and Folds:
I' th' midst, an altar, as the land-mark, stood;
Rustic, of grassy sod: thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf; 435
Uncull'd, as came to hand: a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best: then sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd: 440
His off'ring soon propitious fire from heav'n
Consum'd, with nimble glance, and grateful steam:
The other's not, for his was not sincere.
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone, 445
That beat out life: he fell; and deadly pale
Groan'd out his soul, with gushing blood effus'd!
Much at the sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher! some great mischief hath befall'n 450
To

To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd:
Is piety thus, and pure devotion paid?

T' whom Michael thus (he also mov'd) reply'd:
These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins: th' unjust the just hath slain; 455
For envy, that his brother's offering found
From heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd; and th' other's faith, approv'd,
Lose no reward; though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our fire. 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel! 465

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man: but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave: all dismal! yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance, than within. 470
Some (as thou saw'st by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, flood, famine: by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire: of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know 475
What misery th' in-abstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazarus-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd: all maladies 480
Of gasty spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
Convulsions,

Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine stone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,
 Dæmoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy 485
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
 Dropsies, and asthma's, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing! deep the groans! Despair
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch: 490
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook; but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept, 495
 Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space; till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind! to what fall 500
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
 Better end here unborn! Why is life giv'n
 To be thus wrested from us? rather, why
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept 505
 Life offer'd; or soon beg to lay it down;
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 Th' image of God in man, (created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since!)
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd, 510
 Under in human pains? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's Image sake exempt?

Their Maker's Image, answer'd Michael then 515
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd
 To

To serve ungovern'd appetite: and took
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
 Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own:
 Or if His likeness, by themselves defac'd,
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
 God's Image did not reverence in themselves. 525

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit!
 But is there yet no other way, besides
 These painful passages, how we may come
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530
 The rule of not too much; by temperance taught
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, no gluttonous delight:
 Till many years over thy head return,
 So may'st thou live; till like ripe fruit thou drop 535
 Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
 This is old age: but then, thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change 540
 To wither'd, weak, and gray: thy senses then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
 (Hopeful, and chearful) in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold, and dry,
 To weigh the spirits down; and last consume 545
 The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much: bent rather, how I may be quit
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge; Which

Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution! Michael reply'd.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long, or short, permit to heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another sight. 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue: by some, were herds
Of cattle grazing: others, whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp, and organ; and who mov'd 560
Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part, stood one who at the forge
Lab'ring, two massy clods of ir'n, and brass, 565
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain, or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth; thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth; or whether wash'd by stream
From under-ground) the liquid Ore he drain'd 570
Into fit molds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools: then, what might else be wrought
Fulfil, or grav'n in metal. After these,
(But on the hither side) a different sort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended: by their guise 576
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve
Freedom, and peace to men: they on the plain 580
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!
A bevy of fair women; richly gay

In gems and wanton dress; to th' harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men, tho' grave, ey'd them; and let their eyes 585
Rove without rein; till in the amorous net
First caught, they lik'd; and each his liking chose:
And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star
(Love's harbinger) appear'd: then, all in heat
They light the nuptial torch; and bid invoke 590
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd;
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview, and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart 595
Of Adam, (soon inclin'd t' admit delight,
The bent of nature!) which he thus exprest.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest!
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past: 600
Those were of hate, and death, or pain much worse;
Here, nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
Created, as thou art, to nobler end 605
Holy and pure, conformity divine!
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness; wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother: studious they appear 610
Of arts that polish life; inventors rare;
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget.
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd 615
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay;
Yer

Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
 Woman's domestic honor, and chief praise :
 Bred only, and compleated, to the taste
 Of lustful appetite ; to sing, to dance,
 To dress, and droll the tongue, and roll the eye : 620
 To these, that sober race of men (whose lives
 Religious, titled them the sons of God)
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
 Ignobly ! to the trains, and to the smiles
 Of these fair Atheists ; and now swim in joy, 625
 (E'er long to swim at large) and laugh : for which
 The world e'er long a world of tears must weep !

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.
 O pity and shame ! that they, who to live well
 Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint !
 But still I see the tenor of man's woe
 Hold on the same, from women to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins,
 (Said th' Angel) who should better hold his place 635
 By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.
 But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
 Before him, towns and rural works between :
 Cities of men, with lofty gates and tow'rs ; 640
 Concourse in arms ; fierce faces threatening war ;
 Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise !
 Part wield their Arms, part curb the foaming steed :
 Single, or in array of battel rang'd.
 Both Horse and Foot ; nor idly must'ring stood : 645
 One way, a Band select from forage drives
 A herd of beeves, fair oxen, and fair kine,

From

From a fat meadow-ground ; or fleecy flock,
 Ewes, and their bleating lambs, over the plain ;
 Their booty : scarce with life the shepherds fly ; 650
 But call in aid ; which makes a bloody fray.
 With cruel Tournament the squadrons join !
 Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
 With carcasses, and arms, th' infanguin'd field,
 Deserted. Others, to a city strong 655
 Lay siege, incamp'd ; by Batt'ry, Scale, and Mine,
 Assaulting : others, from the wall defend
 With dart, and jav'lin, stones and sulph'rous fire :
 On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.
 In other part, the sceptred heralds call 660
 To council, in the city gates : anon
 Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
 Assemble, and harangues are heard : but soon,
 In factious opposition : till at last,
 Of middle age one rising, eminent 665
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
 Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
 And judgment from above : him old and young
 Exploded, and seiz'd with violent hands ;
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence, 670
 Unseen amid the throng : so violence
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
 Adam was all in tears,, and to his Guide
 Lamenting turn'd full sad : O what are these ? 675
 Death's minister's, not men ! who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men ; and multiply
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
 His brother : for of whom such massacre
 Make they, but of their brethren ; men of men ? 680
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not heav'n
 Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost ?

U u

To

To whom thus Michael. These are the product
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st ;
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
 Abhor to join : and by imprudence mix'd, 686
 Produce prodigious births, of body or mind.
 Such were these Giants ; men of high renown !
 For in those days, might only shall be admir'd ;
 And valor, and Heroic Virtue, call'd : 690
 To overcome in battel, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory ; and for glory done
 Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerors, 695
 Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods :
 Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
 Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth ;
 And what most merits fame, in silence hid.
 But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst 700
 The only righteous in a world perverse,
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With foes, for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious truth, that God would come
 To judge them with His Saints : him the Most High
 (Rap'd in a balmy cloud with winged steeds) 706
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive ; to walk with God
 High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,
 Exempt from death : to shew thee what reward
 Awaits the good ; the rest, what punishment : 710
 Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.
 He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd :
 The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar ;
 All now was turn'd to jollity, and game, 715
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance ;
 Marrying, or prostituting (as beset)
 Rape, or adultery, where passing Fair

Allur'd

Allur'd them : thence from cups, to civil broils.
 At length a reverend fire among them came,
 And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720
 And testify'd against their ways : he oft
 Frequented their assemblies, where so met,
 Triumphs, or festivals : and to them preach'd
 Conversion, and repentance ; as to souls
 In prison, under judgments imminent : 725
 But all in vain ! which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his tents far-off.
 Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk ;
 Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height ; 730
 Smear'd round with pitch ; and in the side a door
 Contriv'd ; and of provisions laid in large,
 For man and beast : when lo, a wonder strange !
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small
 Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught 735
 Their order : last the fire, and his three sons
 With their four wives : and God made fast the door.
 Mean while the southwind rose, and with black wings
 Wide-hov'ring, all the clouds together drove
 From under heav'n ; the hills to their supply 740
 Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain : and now, the thicken'd sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood ; down rush'd the rain
 Impetuous : and continu'd till the earth
 No more was seen : the floating Vessel swum 745
 Uplifted ; and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves : all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
 Deep under water roll'd ; sea cover'd sea ;
 Sea without shore ! and in their palaces 750
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabled : of mankind, (so numerous late)

All

All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 The end of all thy off-spring, end so sad, 755
 Depopulation! Thee another flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd;
 And sunk thee as thy sons: till gently rear'd
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
 Tho' comfortless; as when a father mourns 760
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once:
 And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! Better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had born
 My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
 Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd
 The burden of many ages, on me light
 At once by my foreknowledge; gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me e'er their Being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek 770
 Henceforth to be foretold, what shall befall
 Him or his children: evil he may be sure:
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension, than in substance, feel; 775
 Grievous to bear! But that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd,
 Famine, and anguish, will at last consume,
 Wandring that wat'ry Desert. I had hope
 When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth, 780
 All would have then gone well; peace would have
 With length of happy days the race of man [crown'd
 But I was far deceiv'd! For now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less, than war to waste.
 How comes it thus? Unfold, celestial guide! 785
 And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou
 In triumph, and luxurious wealth, are they [saw'st
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent,
 And great exploits; but of true virtue void: 790
 Who having spil'd much blood, and done much waste,
 Subduing nations; and atchiev'd thereby
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
 Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness, and pride, 795
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
 And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd,
 In sharp contest of battel found no aid, 800
 Against invaders: therefore, cool'd in zeal,
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
 Worldly, or dissolute; on what their Lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy: (for th' earth shall bear
 More than enough, that temperance may be try'd:) 805
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depriv'd;
 Justice, and temperance, truth and faith forgot!
 One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age, against example good, 810
 Against allurements, custom, and a world
 Offended: fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence; he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish; and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come 815
 On their impenitence; and shall return
 Of them derided. But, of God observ'd,
 The one just man alive, by his command
 Shall build a wondrous Ark (as thou beheldst)
 To save himself and household, from amidst 820
 A world devote to universal wreck.

No sooner he, with them of man and beast
 Select for life, shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
 And shelter'd round; but all the cataracts
 Of heav'n set open, on the earth shall pour 825
 Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills. Then, shall this mount
 Of Paradise, by might of waves, be mov'd 830
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood;
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,
 And there take root; an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of Seals, and Orcs, and Sea-mews' clang;
 To teach thee that God attributes to place 836
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood. 840
 Which now abated: for the clouds were fled,
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
 And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845
 As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake, to tripping ebb; that stole
 With soft foot tow'rds the Deep; who now had stop'd
 His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.
 The Ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd. 851
 And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear:
 With clamor thence the rapid currents drive,
 Tow'rds the retreating sea, their furious tide.
 Forthwith from out the Ark a raven flies, 855
 And

And after him (the surer messenger)
 A dove, sent forth once and again, to spy
 Green tree, or ground, whereon his foot may light:
 The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign! 860
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his Ark
 The antient fire descends, with all his train:
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865
 Conspicuous, with three lifted colors gay,
 Betok'ning peace from God, and cov'nant new:
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
 Greatly rejoyc'd; and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent 870
 As present, heav'nly instructor! I revive
 At this last sight; assur'd that man shall live
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
 Far less I now lament for one whole world 875
 Of wicked sons destroy'd; than I rejoyce
 For one man found so perfect, and so just,
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say, what mean those color'd streaks in heav'n, 880
 Distended, as the brow of God appeas'd?
 Or serve they, as a flow'ry verge, to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,
 Lest it again dissolve, and show'r the earth?

To whom th' Arch-Angel. Dextrously thou aim'st; 885
 So willingly doth God remit his ire,
 Though late, repenting him of man deprav'd;
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
 The whole earth fill'd with violence; and all flesh
 Corrupting

Corrupting each their way: yet, those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood; nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein, or beast: but when he brings 895
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his cov'nant: day, and night,
Seed time, and harvest, heat, and hoary frost
Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell. 901

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

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